

From The Athenæum.

The Prison of Weltevreden; and a Glance at the East Indian Archipelago. By Walter M. Gibson. Illustrated from Original Sketches. New York, Riker; London, Low & Co.

It is long since we have had a picture of Dutch Colonial life so curious or so authentic as this. The Netherlands Government, like that of Japan, is jealous of foreigners, of English and Americans especially, and guards its Eastern territories with the utmost vigilance against intrusion. Thus, since Sir Stamford Raffles quitted Java, we have not had one really broad view of that island and its manners. Sumatra, quite as interesting, is almost as impenetrable. Fragmentary descriptions have been obtained of both those beautiful countries; but, for complete information, the older records must still be trusted.

We have said that Mr. Gibson's picture is authentic. Readers who are persuaded by our praise to glance at it will be surprised by a long and gaudy prelude of romance: and at intervals, throughout the narrative this flashy vein re-appears. But the book harmonizes, in effect, with the reports of the general body of historians and travellers, and proves that Dutch colonial manners have not greatly changed since Erberfelt was executed, since Stavorinus wrote, and since Lord Shaftesbury denounced their "eternal hatred" of England. What is informing in Mr. Gibson's story is, however, mixed up with perplexing episodes of romance without beginning or end, with tumid rhetoric and frivolous speculation. It is by carefully avoiding his "eloquence," and noting only his account of scenes and incidents, that we gain a really lucid and suggestive view of native and European life in Java and Sumatra.

From certain scraps of egotistical autobiography, we surmise that Mr. Gibson, as a youth, was inspired by tales of the Indian islands, and that he sailed for Sumatra in the clipper *Flirt* with objects not very plainly defined. The entrance into the Archipelago was to him the approach to a paradise of

bright seas and flowery islands; but, at Bancas he speedily learned in what light the Dutch would regard his arrival. They began to interrogate, and he to fence, until the Resident insinuated that, as Lopez was garrotted in Cuba, so Gibson, if he persisted in his enterprising views, might come to grief in Java. However, stimulated to ideal anticipations by the sight of a jasmine tree thirty feet in height, which swayed its fragrant masses over the veranda, he resolved upon the attempt to penetrate into Dutch India, and see its reputed wonders. Accordingly, the *Flirt* was steered for the entrance of the Palembang and her Captain soon detected, or imagined a fragrant breeze from the shore. As he, approached, a skiff put off—a light gondola of polished maple wood—in which sat a young man, dressed in a robe of gold and green, with a jewelled poniard, and an olive complexion deeply tinted with yellow. He came on board, and said, that the sight of a strange flag had astonished the people of the city, adding, that, though delighted to welcome the foreigner, he suspected his intentions. However, Mr. Gibson succeeded in showing the American colors for the first time in the interior, and began to realize his preconceived notions of Sumatra. He listened to innumerable relations, and believed them all, even the report of a race of beings half way between humanity and brutality—the Kubus, who barter the gum of the forests for the manufactures of the coast towns.

"The Kubus deposit the gum they collect, and other articles to exchange, in a certain place, when traders are in the neighborhood; then they strike with a club upon a suspended hollow log, called *taboh* by the Malays, making a loud drum-sound—and run off back into the recesses of the forest. The traders come to the spot, take away the gum, and leave what they think proper. After they have gone the Kubus cautiously venture out of the thicket, and carry off what has been left for them. Sometimes this mode of barter is reversed—the traders depositing trinkets and cloths—then beat a gong, and retire; whilst the wild men come and take away what has been offered, and honestly and generously leave all that they

have got of gum or other articles. Thus, the chief material for the purifying incense used in the ceremonial of the church of Rome is gathered by these rude hands."

In these native accounts there is a confusion between the tribes of men and monkeys that inhabit the half explored interior. Arrived at Palembang—a large and curious Sumatran city,—Mr. Gibson was delighted by its aspects, the river swarming with boats and enlivened by the boatmen's songs, the lines of floating houses moored to the shore, the beauty and the riches everywhere visible. The prince of the Arabs of Palembang visited him on board the clipper. He had a white turban, a robe of green silk, and embroidered sandals. Returning the visit, the American found himself in a Sumatran interior, not rude and poor, but smart and graceful, with Chinese finish and more than Chinese taste. A feast was followed by a conversation in which the Prince sought to discover other motives for his guest's adventure than those which he professed—the common objects of a traveller. Perhaps the prince was right: at all events Mr. Gibson has strong political opinions on the subject of Indian Archipelago history. His account of Dutch manners at Palembang would be incredible were it not that we are familiar with similar illustrations supplied by older writers. Walking late through the streets he saw Dutch officers with canes, driving before them two sobbing girls—"prawan," or virgins, recently purchased by them "from the Ulu, or hill country." Other traits, native and European, were supplied at a Chinese entertainment on shore.

"When seated, on fantastic rattan chairs;—fruits, sweetmeats, and warm tchoo were placed before us. In a little dainty pot, of the measure of a cup of our own table, was tea, that filled the room with fragrance, when poured into the tiny bowls, which Chinamen poise on thumb and fore-finger, and tipping over to the lip, thus love to quaff in dainty drops the soothing drink of their country."

The host called a girl by name.

"We heard a shrill, sweet voice, then a bound, and in sprang, into the room, with a panther-like leap, a pretty, lithe young creature, a Malay girl, with soft skin, bright eyes, and limbs, that moved and played, and lifted her up like wings, around which a

bright scarlet silk sarong, her only dress, was gracefully folded."

She danced, and improvised a complimentary song; but a similar style of welcome was exhibited far more sumptuously at the rural palace of a Sumatran prince. Mounting a succession of floors, Mr. Gibson was introduced to the upper chamber.

"The walls of the inner room were adorned with inlaid arabesque work, and showed a rich lacquered surface. The bountiful gums of the island are skilfully applied to dwelling walls, to water skiffs, to wardrobes, and vessels for food of all kinds. They are covered with curious devices, and the lacquer applied with heat, has a fine porcelain surface, long resisting weather and water, and glistening with metallic lustre, as did the chamber walls of this Sumatran dwelling."

Rice, roasted birds, rasped nuts, beans, bamboo pith, and fruits were served. Then entered three girls, who placed themselves on the floor.

"These wore a scarlet sarong or skirt, held in its fold and position by a silver girdle, curiously made of many joints, called a *tali pendeng*; the arms and bust were bare, except the partial covering of wreaths of white odorous flowers, the fragrant kumbang melati, or flower of love, which were twined in rich clusters, among plaits of their glossy, jewel-bedecked hair; and these were *menyanjee*, the singing girls of the country. They stood forth in postures, their flexible arms doubling backward almost as far as forward; and their fingers, tipped with curved silver points, played with fantastic motion; and thus without any movement of feet, except, from time to time, a change of position, they swayed their bodies, they twined their arms, and twirled their fingers in all the mazes of the Sumatran ronggeng dance."

Afterwards men joined in the dance and song, and the company separated for a *siesta*. Mr. Gibson was shown into a chamber with varnished walls and polished floor, to repose on silken pillows. Then he saw the prince's family,—Sareena, the Gracious: Oombah, the Swell of the Sea; Ledah manis, Sweet lip; and Antelope. Our readers must have a glimpse of Antelope.

"Her dress,—and I describe the others in hers,—was the *kain sarong*, or skirt, of salmon colored silk, held in its folds by a *tali pendeng*, or girdle of gold, of pure gold, and commonly worn by Malay women of

wealth, some weighing fifteen, and even twenty ounces; an oval plate, of *korangan*, filagree work, for which Sumatrans are famous, adorned it in front; the bust was veiled by a *choolee*, or scarlet bodice, bound by glistening gems; the *kabyah*, or outer robe, of flowered muslin, fell half way between the waist and feet: diamonds, not pendent, but stuck to the lobe of the ear, and long, diamond-headed pins, completed the toilette of Sahyoop, or Sahyeepah, the winged one, the granddaughter of Panyorang Djaya Laksana."

The rich Sumatrans are luxurious to excess, perfume their houses with burning benzoin, decorate their women with every piece of elegance, cultivate the most costly flowers to ornament their singing girls and slaves, and dress in the lightest costumes. For a time Mr. Gibson enjoyed their sump-

tuous hospitality; but, the Dutch jealousy of strangers having been exasperated by his personal intercourse with the island chief, he was arrested, and carried to the great prison of Weltevreden, in Java. During a confinement of fifteen months he saw the horrors of penal discipline—a cruel flogging, an execution, the terrible discipline of maniacs, varied by pleasant interludes, when little Umbah, or the Wave, visited some of the more favored prisoners. It was not until April, 1853, that Mr. Gibson obtained his liberation. The narrative of his captivity, though strained in style, is picturesque and instructive. Altogether, the book, with much verbiage, is original and amusing, and may be accepted as a faithful report on the progress of civilization in Sumatra, Java, and their sister islands.

LARGE PASSENGER SHIPS.—For many years I have advocated a largely-increased use of iron ships, with a view to speed, safety, and freedom from sea-sickness. For long voyages such vessels are needed, but much more for what may be called the sea-ferries. The uses of the great ship at Blackwall are still problematic—whether her present owners will finish her or sell her is uncertain; but the most important, the most paying use to which she could be applied, would be as a ferry-boat between Dover and Calais. So long as sea-sickness shall be a lot of humanity, so long will the transit across the Channel be a minimum. Once make the ferry between the two shores the trip of an hour, with absolute safety and freedom from sea-sickness, the traffic will become as incessant as between London and Blackwall, and Dover and Calais will become two of the greatest commercial emporiums in the world. The ship exists subject to the verification of her moving power; and there needs but the completion of the Dover harbor, with a fitting depth and a corresponding pair of piers on the opposite shore, to accomplish the end in view. Time was when our American cousins were accustomed to say in mercantile arithmetic "*Sixteen steamboats make one mile.*" We may now rate them, or shall shortly, about *five* to the mile, and of a material not used in American calculation.

So large a vessel on the sea-ferry between England and France will serve many purposes. Invalids, needing sea-air, may obtain it more advantageously by living afloat than in dwellings ashore. With transit at a shilling to half-a-crown a head, and day-tickets or season-tickets, the English Channel may be as much frequented as the Hudson river, where people in hot weather live on board, and board in living. Buyers and

sellers would frequently rather wait and carry their goods with them. In China whole families find it advantageous for many purposes to live on board their junks; and this large craft might serve as a floating storehouse for commodities, facilitating the loading of smaller craft for distant regions. Great size gets rid of the difficulties of rough water and rough weather. In short, the same result would be obtained as though there were a causeway a mile in width with a railroad on it between England and France.

Such a craft established between Dover and Calais, it would not be long before Southampton and Havre would follow the initiation, and then perhaps England and Ireland by a similar arrangement would become as contiguous shores.

But till this mechanical question of transit between England and France shall be satisfactorily solved by the removal of all difficulties to a mere crossing to dine with a friend, or to a family shopping for a morning, as they now do along a railway, France and England will not be satisfactorily united. — *Part of a letter to the Spectator, from W. Bridges Adams.*

ROSE CLARK. By Fanny Fern. (Routledge & Co.), has at least the merit of being clever and amusing. It has, however, the serious drawback of being very coarse, extremely vulgar, and painfully cynical. The bad characters are made odious, without a single redeeming touch of humanity. The good people are without a shadow, and the incidents of the story are artificial and improbable. Still there is a racy heartiness of manner which will carry the reader to the end without allowing his interest to flag. — *Athenæum.*

From The Examiner.

Memorials of his Time. By Henry Cockburn. Edinburgh, A. and C. Black.

WE have here a sketch of the intellectual history of Edinburgh between the years 1790 and 1830, delightfully written, drawn wholly from personal knowledge, full of subtle remark, genial, liberal, and wise. Written many years ago, and now published by Lord Cockburn's executors, we think the volume one of the best specimens of works of its class made public in our time. It has a special purpose and use, which such books rarely possess. The history of society in Edinburgh during the forty years previous to 1830, is not only a study full of sound doctrine, but also one of the most picturesque and interesting fragments of local story that the mind can have to dwell upon. It begins with Tories paramount, and ends with Whigs in the ascendant. It begins with a picturesque old capital, inhabited by clever men, not too many to know and watch and talk about each other, possessed with thoughts of the French revolution, fearing sedition, bent on maintaining the old order of things, loyally devoted to knee-breeches and hair powder, deep drinkers, and with all their fallacies strong thinkers too, with no check on the display by every one, whether in dress or speech, of his own strongly-marked individuality. This old generation made to themselves Academic groves in meadows now converted into streets, respected each other's walking grounds, and perfectly agreed as to the excellence of things that were. They drank healths all round, proposed sentiments, and hoped for nothing better than to see themselves respected in the generation following. Then suddenly there arose, in the midst of that prevailing Toryism, a leaven of young Whigs, most of them junior barristers, upon whom Government, the judges, the seniors of the bar, and the greater part of society frowned, political dissent being moreover embittered in those days with private animosity. These young men, Brougham, Jeffrey, Horner, Cockburn, and the rest, appeared to have every road to promotion shut against them; yet this proved to be their safety. Their popular sympathies condemning them to a state of isolation, they were forced into each other's company, and driven to a concentration of their powers.

Dread of invasion followed dread of revo-

lution; every man became a volunteer militiaman; leading counsel put on their robes over colonel's and lieutenant-colonel's uniform: and junior barristers were captains on the Bruntsfield Links. Napoleon fell, peace came upon Europe, and the internal reforms long checked became inevitable in great Britain. While there was a possible enemy, all questions of social reform had been set aside, and the rule of the day had been to assert the perfectness of all our institutions, and to abate no jot of a belief in the great vigor of all that was British, to the terror of the French. The Tories did not understand the social change which the peace made inevitable. They held by their old policy after the war was over, although even during its continuance the young Whigs had perceptibly gained ground upon them. The fall of Lord Melville shook their confidence for the first time, and gave courage to the party that might otherwise have fallen into some despondency. Thus the battle became equal, and at last the new regime prevailed.

A town like Edinburgh is of all others a most favorable subject in which to observe those symptoms of a social change affecting the whole nation. Though not too large, it is yet large and second only to London in importance: while it has a more distinctive character marked for it, during the whole period of which Lord Cockburn treats, by the most intellectual of its inhabitants. Within the same period that band of young Whigs, which began against all prejudice and at no trifling sacrifice to maintain liberal doctrines, had set up its *Review*. Bolder yet as an innovation, because to the proprietors more perilous, was the subsequent establishment of the *Scotsman* newspaper; and then, close upon this, followed the first literary retort of the Tories, *Blackwood's Magazine*. Within the same period, publisher Constable had arisen, with enough enterprise to stimulate into energy the literary talents of the Scottish capital; and Walter Scott had earned fame with his poems, and drawn eyes from all parts of the land to Edinburgh with his early novels. Within the same period too, even the material aspect of the town underwent a change; new streets arose; new institutions came into being; the way to the Calton Hill was cleared from Princes street; the wood, the greensward, and the corn-crakes vanished before Moray

place, and woods and gardens in the town gave way to streets; the new prison was built, the Tolbooth was pulled down: and over the whole aspect of the town, material, mental, moral, a greater change passed than perhaps had ever passed before within so short a space as forty years.

To describe this was the purpose of Lord Cockburn when it occurred to him to set down these Memorials. They might have been eight volumes long, yet they are contained in one volume. Personal throughout, they are the briefer for the manly absence of all egotism. The writer sets down, as need requires, notes of his own part in the story: but of himself he says on the whole less than of almost any other actor in the scene. The book begins with the first distinct boyish recollections, and so passes gradually from shrewd observation of the men of the preceding generation, to action with those of his own. Of almost every man or woman of intellectual note belonging to Edinburgh society during the period covered by these recollections, there is a sketch given. All the sketches are brief and graphic, and most charmingly hit off. They are worded with so much elegance and strength, they are conceived with so much human kindness, that there is not a man mentioned, however ridiculous or wrong-headed, of whom the writer has not found good and honorable things to say; and there is not a paragraph which does not read as the thing it really is, an honest and wise bit of true painting from the life.

Here, for example, is a genial sketch from schoolboy recollections of a man whose name is not forgotten:

"After four years of this class, I passed on to that of the rector, Dr. Alexander Adam, the author of the work on Roman Antiquities, then in the zenith of his reputation. He had raised himself from the very dust to that high position. Never was a man more fortunate in the choice of a vocation. He was born to teach Latin, some Greek, and all virtue. In doing so he was generally patient, though not, when intolerably provoked, without due fits of gentle wrath; inspiring to his boys, especially the timid and backward: enthusiastically delighted with every appearance of talent and goodness; a warm encourager by praise, play, and kindness; and constantly under the strongest sense of duty. The art of teaching has been so immeasurably improved in good Scotch

schools since his time, that we can scarcely estimate his merits now. He had most of the usual peculiarities of a schoolmaster; but was so amiable and so artless, that no sensible friend would have wished one of them to be even softened. His private industry was appalling. If one moment late at school, he would hurry in, and explain that he had been detained 'verifying a quotation;' and many a one did he verify at four in the morning. He told me at the close of one of his autumn vacations of six weeks, that, before it had begun, he had taken a house in the country, and had sent his family there, in order that he himself might have some rustic leisure, but that, having got upon the scent of some curious passages (his favorite sport) he had remained with his books in town, and had never even seen the country house."

And what could be more perfectly instinct with life and truth than this first experience of the energies of Brougham?

"Brougham was not in the class with me. Before getting to the rector's class, he had been under Luke Fraser, who, in his two immediately preceding courses of four years each, had the good fortune to have Francis Jeffrey and Walter Scott as his pupils. Brougham made his first public explosion while at Fraser's class. He dared to differ from Fraser, a hot but good-natured old fellow, on some small bit of latinity. The master, like other men in power, maintained his own infallibility, punished the rebel, and flattered himself that the affair was over. But Brougham re-appeared next day, loaded with books, returned to the charge before the whole class, and compelled honest Luke to acknowledge that he had been wrong. This made Brougham famous throughout the whole school. I remember, as well as if it had been yesterday, having had him pointed out to me as 'the fellow who had beat the master.' It was then that I first saw him."

Concerning Andrew Dalzel, author of the "*Collectanea Græca*," gentle enthusiast about classical learning we quote only a joke:

"He used to agree with those who say, that it is partly owing to its Presbyterianism that Scotland is less classical than Episcopal England. Sydney Smith asserted that he had overheard the Professor muttering one dark night on the street to himself, 'If it had not been for that confounded Solemn League and Covenant we would have made as good longs and shorts as they.'"

One cause of the changes made in Edinburgh life within the period this volume covers,

as we did not mention it just now, we may express by a quotation.

"The more immediate changes in Edinburgh proceeded chiefly from the growth of the city. The single circumstance of the increase of the population, and its consequent overflowing from the old town to the new, implied a general alteration of our habits. It altered the style of living, obliterated local arrangements, and destroyed a thousand associations, which nothing but the still preserved names of houses and of places is left to recal.

"It was the rise of the new town that obliterated our old peculiarities with the greatest rapidity and effect. It not only changed our scenes and habits of life, but, by the mere inundation of modern population, broke up and, as was then thought, vulgarized our prescriptive gentilities.

"For example, St. Cecilia's Hall was the only public resort of the musical, and besides being our most selectly fashionable place of amusement, was the best and the most beautiful concert room I have ever yet seen. And there have I myself seen most of our literary and fashionable gentlemen, predominating with their side curls and frills, and ruffles, and silver buckles; and our stately matrons stiffened in hoops, and gorgeous satin; and our beauties with highheeled shoes, powdered and pomatumed hair, and lofty and composite head dresses. All this was in the Cowgate! the last retreat now-a-days of destitution and disease. The building still stands, though raised and changed, and is looked down upon from South Bridge, over the eastern side of the Cowgate Arch. When I last saw it, it seemed to be partly an old-clothesman's shop, and partly a brazier's."

It is hard to resist quoting the whole of Lord Cockburn's picturesque description of old Adam Fergusson, the historian of Rome, who dressed like a philosopher from Lapland, and lived fifty years longer than nature meant, by rigid care!

"Wine and animal food besought his appetite in vain; but huge messes of milk and vegetables disappeared before him, always in the never-failing cloth and fur. I never heard of his dining out, except at his relation Dr. Joseph Black's, where his son Sir Adam (the friend of Scott) used to say it was delightful to see the two philosophers rioting over a boiled turnip."

Miss Menie Trotter had also convivial tendencies, limited not by regard to health but income.

"Though slenderly endowed, she did, un-

noticed acts of liberality for which most of the rich would expect to be advertised. Prevailing loneliness gave her some entertaining habits, but never impaired her enjoyment of her friends, for whom she had always diverting talk, and occasionally 'a bit denner.' Indeed she generally sacrificed an ox to hospitality every autumn, which, according to a system of her own, she ate regularly from nose to tail; and as she indulged in him only on Sundays, and with a chosen few, he feasted her half through the winter. This was at Blackford Cottage, a melancholy villa on the north side of Blackford Hill, where the last half, at the least, of her life was passed. I remember her urging her neighbor, Sir Thomas Lauder, not long before her death, to dine with her next Sunday — 'For Eh! Sir Thammass? we're terrible near the tail noo.'"

Of course the volume gives, with the sketch of Lord Eskgrove, some of the thousand and one tales, all of them really true, that circulated to the honor of that remarkable Scotch judge.

"Eskgrove was a very considerable lawyer: in mere knowledge probably Braxfield's superior. But he had nothing of Braxfield's grasp or reasoning, and in everything requiring force or soundness of head, he was a mere child compared with that practical Hercules. Still he was cunning in old Scotch law.

"But a more ludicrous personage could not exist. When I first knew him he was in the zenith of his absurdity. People seemed to have nothing to do but to tell stories of this one man. To be able to give an anecdote of Eskgrove, with a proper imitation of his voice and manner, was a sort of fortune in society. Scott in those days was famous for this particularity. Whenever a knot of persons were seen listening in the Outer House to one who was talking slowly, with a low muttering voice and a projected chin, and then the listeners burst asunder in roars of laughter, nobody thought of asking what the joke was. They were sure that it was a successful imitation of Eskey; and this was enough. Yet never once did he do or say anything which had the slightest claim to be remembered for any intrinsic merit. The value of all his words and actions consisted in their absurdity. . . ."

"As usual, then, with stronger heads than his, everything was connected by his terror with republican horrors. I heard him, in condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravate the offence thus, 'and not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life,

but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propell, the le-thall weapon through the bellyband of his regimental breeches, which were his Majes-ty's! "

"In the trial of Glengarry for murder in a duel, a lady of great beauty was called as a witness. She came into Court veiled. But before administering the oath Eskgrove gave her this exposition of her duty — "Young woman! you will now consider yourself as in the presence of Almighty God, and of this High Court. Lift up your veil; throw off all modesty, and look me in the face." . . .

"A very common arrangement of his logic to juries was this — 'And so, gentlemen, having shown you that the pannell's argument is utterly impossibill, I shall now proceed for to show you that it is extremely, improbabil.' "

"He rarely failed to signalize himself in pronouncing sentences of death. It was almost a matter of style with him to console the prisoner by assuring him that, 'whatever your religious persua-shon may be, or even if, as I suppose, you be of no persua-shon at all, there are plenty of rever-end gentle-men who will be most happy for to show you the way to yeternal life.' "

"He had to condemn two or three persons to die who had broken into a House at Luss, and assaulted Sir James Colquhoun and others, and robbed them of a large sum of money. He first, as was his almost constant practice, explained the nature of the various crimes, assault, robbery, and hame-sucken — of which last he gave them the etymology; and he then reminded them that they attacked the house and the persons within it, and robbed them, and then came to this climax — 'All this you did; and God preserve us! foost when they were sitten doon to their denner! ' "

A close friend of Lord Cockburn's was the eccentric and warm-hearted George Fergusson, Lord Hermand, whose intensity of temperament led to a thousand rash and amiable outbursts. This judge was the soberest and steadiest of the best school of Scotch toppers.

"No carouse ever injured his health, for he was never ill, or impaired his taste for home and quiet, or muddled his head: he slept the sounder for it, and rose the earlier and the cooler. The cordiality inspired by claret and punch was felt by him as so congenial to all right thinking, that he was confident that he could convert the Pope if he could only get him to sup with him. And certainly his Holiness would have been hard to persuade, if he could have withstood Her-

mand about the middle of his second tumbler."

"The public opinions of this remarkable person were very decided and not illiberal; for he combined strong Tory principles with stronger Whig friendships, and a taste for Calvinism, under the creed of which he deemed himself extremely pious, with the indulgence of every social propensity. . . ."

"Two young gentlemen, great friends, went together to the theatre in Glasgow, supped at the lodgings of one of them, and passed a whole summer night over their punch. In the morning a kindly wrangle broke out about their separating or not separating from each other, when by some rashness, if not accident, one of them was stabbed, not violently, but in so vital a part that he died on the spot. The survivor was tried at Edinburgh, and was convicted of culpable homicide. It was one of the sad cases where the legal guilt was greater than the moral; and, very properly, he was sentenced to only a short imprisonment. Hermand, who felt that discredit had been brought on the cause of drinking, had no sympathy with the tenderness of his temperate brethren, and was vehement for transportation. 'We are told that there was no malice, and that the prisoner must have been in liquor. In liquor! Why, he was drunk! And yet he murdered the very man who had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night; and yet he stabbed him! after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! Good God, my Laards, if he will do this when he's drunk, what will he not do when he's sober? ' "

We add another anecdote of the same free-spoken judge:

"General Vyse, an English officer who commanded the forces in Scotland, told the Lieutenant of Midlothian, with whom he was dining, that in courts-martial the youngest member always gave his opinion first, but that he could not discover that there was any particular rule in the Court of Session. 'Why, Sir,' said Hermand, 'with us the most impatient speaks first, and you would observe that *I always begin.*' "

The beginning of one form of public liberty in Edinburgh dates from the year 1804, and is a remarkable example of the mean beginning which is destined to lead to a noble end.

"We had hitherto been so innocent or so poor, and so long accustomed to undetected or irregularly detected crime, that the *City Guard*, composed of discharged soldiers, and

whose youngest member was at the least threescore, was sufficient to keep us in what was then called order. But this drunken burgher force at last became too ludicrous; and its extinction (which however did not take place till 1817) was further recommended by its abridging the dark jurisdiction of the magistrates, and creating a new office. It was therefore resolved that the capital should have the honor of a civil police, which I think no other town in Scotland then had upon a regular system. Our first effort in this line forms rather a curious bit of local history. A person of harmless habits, correct principles, due poverty, and no head, was set up to show people what might be made of these institutions. In order to secure respect for his office he was invested with the double authority of Lord-Advocate and Lord Justice-Clerk, being made both superintendent and judge, and thus first accusing and then trying those he accused. For this he got £500 a-year: and lest the people should not be impressed with due reverence, his body was arrayed in a black gown garnished with knots of gold thread, and was marched in grand procession to his Lawn-market court, where Sir Harry Moncrieff was obliged to install him by prayer. The popular satisfaction at seeing the magistrates in some degree superseded was so general, that only a man dexterous in offence could have made the public doubt the wisdom of the new establishment. But he was not wise, and so ill-tempered officially, that he soon raised a burgh rebellion, and nearly spoiled the whole experiment. Being prosecutor, his tendency was to suspect everybody; and being judge, his glory required that he should never decide against himself: and the system being new, he was smitten with the usual weakness of absolute lawgivers, and introduced a code which at least was beautiful in his own sight. For example, it was his opinion that noisy mirth, especially at late hours, was a bad thing: and therefore when Mr. George Thomson, the correspondent of Burns, gave a ball in his own house, the police officers, obeying their instructions for all such cases, having ascertained that the neighbors had neither been invited nor consulted, entered and dispersed the illegal assembly; and his Honor decided next day that this was all quite right. This tyranny was bad enough for the rich, but it was far worse for the poor, whom the accusing spirit and recording angel tortured without pity or control; not from cruelty, for personally he was good-natured, but from that love of vexatious petty regulation, and that impatience of check, which tempt weak heads. At last even our rulers admitted that he was intolerable; and this was the happiest event

of his life, for he got £300 a-year for getting out of the way. A better system was then introduced, and has in substance continued."

A strange murder, not forgotten yet, is thus narrated by Lord Cockburn:

"On the 13th of November, 1806, a murder was committed in Edinburgh, which made a greater impression than any committed in our day, except the systematic murders of Burke. James Begbie, porter to the British Linen Company's Bank, was going down the close in which the bank then was, on the south side of the Canongate, carrying a parcel of bank-notes of the value of four or five thousand pounds, when he was struck dead by a single stab, given by a single person who had gone into the close after him, and who carried off the parcel. This was done in the heart of the city, about five in the evening, and within a few yards of a military sentinel, who was always on guard there, though not exactly at this spot, and at the moment possibly not in view of it. Yet the murderer was never heard of. The soldier saw and heard nothing. All that was observed was by some boys who were playing at hand ball in the close; and all that they saw was that two men entered the close as if together, the one behind the other, and that the front man fell, and lay still; and they, ascribing this to his being drunk, let him lie, and played on. It was only on the entrance of another person that he was found to be dead, with a knife in his heart, and a piece of paper, through which it had been thrust, interposed between the murderer's hand and the blood. The skill, boldness, and success of the deed produced deep and universal horror. People trembled at the possibility of such a murderer being in the midst of them, and taking any life that he chose. But the wretch's own terror may be inferred from the fact, that in a few months the large notes, of which most of the booty was composed, were found hidden in the grounds of Bellevue. Some persons were suspected, but none on any satisfactory ground; and, according to a strange craze or ambition not unusual in such cases, several charged themselves with the crime, who, to an absolute certainty, had nothing to do with it."

It is a curious fact that Lord Cockburn observes of Burke, whose disregard of human life was so complete that within two years he committed sixteen murders for the price of his victims' bodies, exactly what many are now prone to say of Palmer. Palmer, however, is a criminal more utterly detestable

than Burke, who at least did no murder on wife, brother, or friend.

"Except that he murdered, Burke was a sensible, and what might be called a respectable, man; not at all ferocious in his general manner, sober, correct in all his other habits, and kind to his relations. Though not regularly married, Helen Macdougall was his wife; and when the jury came in with the verdict convicting him, but acquitting her, his remark was — 'Well! thank God you're safe!'"

Of the great days of Edinburgh society, whereof we have many a vivid impression conveyed to us by this volume, Lord Cockburn thus propounds part of the theory:

"The society of Edinburgh has never been better, or indeed so good, since I knew it as it was about this time. It continued in a state of high animation till 1815, or perhaps till 1820. Its brilliancy was owing to a variety of peculiar circumstances which only operated during this period. The principal of these were — the survivance of several of the eminent men of the preceding age, and of curious old habits which the modern flood had not yet obliterated; the rise of a powerful community of young men of ability; the exclusion of the British from the Continent, which made this place, both for education and for residence, a favorite resort of strangers; the war, which maintained a constant excitement of military preparation, and of military idleness; the blaze of that popular literature which made this the second city in the empire for learning and science; and the extent, and the ease, with which literature and society embellished each other, without rivalry, and without pedantry. The first abstraction from this composition was by the deaths of our interesting old. Then London drew away several of our best young. There was a gap in the production of fresh excellence. Peace in 1815 opened the long closed floodgates, and gave to the Continent most of the strangers we used to get. A new race of peace-formed native youths came on the stage, but with little literature, and a comfortless intensity of political zeal; so that by about the year 1820 the old thing was much worn out, and there was no new thing, of the same piece, to continue or replace it. Much undoubtedly remained to make Edinburgh still, to those who knew how to use it, a city of Goshen, and to set us above all other British cities except one, and in some things above even that one. But the exact old thing was not."

One more glance at the days before this middle period:

"At Edinburgh, the old judges had a practice at which even their barbaric age used to shake its head. They had always wine and biscuits *on the bench*, when the business was clearly to be protected beyond the usual dinner hour. The modern judges — those I mean who were made after 1800, never gave in to this; but with those of the preceding generation, some of whom lasted several years after 1800, it was quite common. Black bottles of strong port were set down beside them on the bench, with glasses, carafes of water, tumblers, and biscuits; and this without the slightest attempt at concealment. The refreshment was generally allowed to stand untouched, and as if despised, for a short time, during which their Lordships seemed to be intent only on their notes. But in a little, some water was poured into the tumbler, and sipped quietly as if merely to sustain nature. Then a few drops of wine were ventured upon, but only with the water: till at last patience could endure no longer, and a full bumper of the pure black element was tossed over; after which the thing went on regularly, and there was a comfortable munching and quaffing, to the great envy of the parched throats in the gallery. The strong-headed stood it tolerably well, but it told, plainly enough, upon the feeble. Not that the ermine was absolutely intoxicated, but it was certainly sometimes affected. This, however, was so ordinary with these sages, that it really made little apparent change upon them. It was not very perceptible at a distance; and they all acquired the habit of sitting and looking judicial enough, even when their bottles had reached the lowest ebb. This open-court reflection did not prevail, so far as I ever saw, at Circuits. It took a different form there. The temptation of the inn frequently produced a total stoppage of business; during which all concerned — judges and counsel, clerks, jurymen, and provosts, had a jolly dinner; after which they returned again to the transportations and hangings. I have seen this done often. It was a common remark that the step of the evening procession was far less true to the music than that of the morning."

We may seem to have quoted too little of the graver matter of this wise and witty book, but in its lightest passages the wisdom may be felt, and the close and finished manner of its narration be appreciated. With two glimpses of the writer we will close this notice.

"In March, 1811, I married, and set up my rural household gods at Bonaly, in the parish of Colinton, close by the northern

base of the Pentland Hills; and, unless some avenging angel shall expel me, I shall never leave that paradise. I began by an annual lease of a few square yards and a scarcely habitable farm-house. But, realizing the profanations of Auburn, I have destroyed a village, and erected a tower, and reached the dignity of a twenty-acred laird. Everything except the two burns, the few old trees, and the mountains, are my own work, and to a great extent the work of my own hands. Human nature is incapable of enjoying more happiness than has been my lot here; where the glories of the prospects, and the luxury of the wild retirement, have been all enhanced by the progress of my improvements, of my children, and of myself. I have been too happy, and often tremble in the anticipation that the cloud must come at last. Warburton says that there was not a bush in his garden on which he had not hung a speculation. There is not a recess in the valleys of the Pentlands, nor an eminence on their summits, that is not familiar to my solitude. One summer I read every word of Tacitus in the sheltered crevice of a rock (called 'My Seat') about 800 feet above the level of the sea, with the most magnificent of scenes stretched out before me."

The last words in the volume are the following:

"And now the year 1830 is just closing in the midst of events which will perhaps affect all the future course of my life, and will certainly be deeply marked in the page of history. In the beginning of December, the Whigs came into power; avowedly on the great principle and for the great object of

Parliamentary Reform. Their return has as yet been hailed with very general joy. The Tories seem struck by a thunderbolt. They can ascribe what is going on to no political trick, court intrigue, or temporary accident; but reflect with alarm that this is the third time within these two years that Whiggism has been recognized in the cabinet! and that its triumph now is the natural result of deep-seated causes."

"I close this page by saying that Jeffrey has been made Lord-Advocate, and I Solicitor-General, under the ministry of Earl Grey. We have come upon the public stage in a splendid, but perilous scene. I trust that we shall do our duty. If we do, we cannot fail to do some good to Scotland. In the abuses of our representative and municipal systems alone, our predecessors have left us fields in which patriotism may exhaust itself."

These are the words of an earnest and efficient laborer in a good cause, as we need hardly inform our readers Lord Cockburn truly was; and as a work of rare and genuine value we strongly commend to the attention of the public his Memorials. We should suggest them as a lesson to all writers of memoirs, if we might dare to hope that many memoir writers would ever prove competent to express their experience, or use their stores of anecdote, as Lord Cockburn has known how to express his; in accurate and well-finished vignette sketches of life and manners, instead of pouring out wit and weariness together over the wide waste of an interminable diary.

THE PLANTER'S VICTIM; OR, INCIDENTS IN AMERICAN SLAVERY, (Philadelphia, Smith; London, Trübner & Co.), is intended to give a picture of slave life as it actually exists, and is filled from the first page to the last with ghastly details of ill-usage and cruelty, which refute themselves by their own exaggeration; but they are none the less brutal and disgusting, and entirely unfit for civilized reading. "The Planter's Victim," who is represented as a model of the finest virtues of humanity, to which he gives utterance in the finest phrases, goes through several hundred pages of tortures and ill-usage, any one of which must have killed him. As a specimen of the style of incident, gravely given as a picture of life and manners, we extract the following:—it is merely an incidental episode:—An old negro has been found out assisting a fellow slave to escape. A crowd came to demand that his master shall give him up that they may—burn him alive! to which his master is

represented as replying, "There he is, do with him as you wish." (!) "After a consultation of some moments, it was determined to take Ben to an exposed and barren spot about a quarter of a mile from Dudley's house, and there burn him to death as a punishment for the heinous crime which it was supposed he had committed against the interests of the slave-owners in that neighborhood. In that judgment Richard Dudley (his master) at once acquiesced. As soon as Ben heard his terrible fate, the old man burst into tears; and he implored his young master, whom he had known and served from his infancy till then, to interpose and save him from so awful a death. Richard, however, did not pay the least regard to the supplication of his aged slave, and he was dragged away," &c. The whole story is tainted with the odor of a slaughter-house. How such a disgusting book comes to be offered to an English public, we are at a loss to understand. — *Athenæum*.

From Household Words.

UNHAPPINESS IN THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

EVERY Sunday afternoon during the spring of 1856, Parisians taking their habitual walk in the Champs Elysées, might have observed the huge green gate of a mansion situated on the right hand side, more than half-way up from the Place de la Concorde towards the Barrière de l'Etoile. It bore the number 78. For years previously, observers had been struck with the sombre appearance of this mansion. Its huge green gate was never opened, although flanked by two porters' lodges; the shutters of which were always closed. An eccentric notice was painted in black letters beside the gate: "Persons who wish to leave cards and letters are requested to put them into the box and ring loudly, as the porter is far from here." Through the iron railing and across the adjoining garden, the mansion itself was seen: a large building with many windows all shut, looking like a prison. It was the hôtel of the late Countess de Caumont-Laforce, a lady bearing an historical title among the nobility of France.

The Dukes of Caumont-Laforce were formerly distinguished among the Protestant nobility of France; and incidents connected with them will be remembered as long as the Bartholomew massacre and the Dragonnades of Louis the Fourteenth. Voltaire, in his *Henriade*, mentions the wonderful escape of one of the De Caumonts, in the massacre.

The Dukes of Caumont-Laforce were reunited to the Roman Catholic Church, a century afterwards, by Louis the Fourteenth. Madame Scarron—the widow of a loose poet—was employed by the Jesuits to frighten the remorseful soul of this ruthless king into great professions of piety, into the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and into measures for effecting the forcible reunion of the Protestants with the Roman Catholic Church. The king deigned to talk to the Duke de Caumont-Laforce about his conversion. When talking would not do, he confined him to one of his estates, and deprived him of his children, by confiding their education to one of their Roman Catholic relatives. After some months of resistance the duke feigned submission; but, a will having been found by the royal spies which proved that his profession was insincere, the duke and duchess were confined for two years in the Bastille. The duke issued from it to make an abjuration of his faith, while the firmer duchess came out of prison a stauncher Protestant than ever. During the remaining years of the life of the duke, the king planted upon them a police spy and a Jesuit priest, who lived continually in their apartments, and had authority to enter their nup-

tial chamber by day and by night, to prevent the Protestant wife from speaking a single word about religion to her perverted husband. Fifteen days prior to the death of the duke she was separated from him entirely, lest she might prompt him to express his real sentiments in his last moments. His noble widow died in want and exile in England. The young Duke de Caumont-Laforce, educated by his Roman Catholic relatives, was reconciled to the Church, and figures among the persons described by Molière: "These fellows, I say, whom we see, with uncommon ardor, by the road to heaven, hunting their fortunes."

But I have not the least intention of tracing the history of the family of Caumont-Laforce, wishing only to say why the Parisians were interested about the green gate, and to record a story which is illustrative of the condition of the French, and instructive respecting the phenomena of crime. The present Count de Caumont-Laforce is a gallant soldier who distinguished himself at the siege of Antwerp, and in the streets of Paris, in June, 1848. Though his father, the duke, is a Bourbonist, he lends his name to the dynasty of the Bonapartes, and receives annually thirty thousand francs as a member of the senate. The countess was the niece of the wife of Marshal Gerard, and was related, through Madame de Genlis, to the Orleans family. She used to speak of Louis Philippe as "My cousin the king," and of Clementine, the queen of the Belgians, as "my sister."

Ever since the downfall of Louis Philippe, the eternal war between the bad rich and the bad poor of France has been carried on, by niggardliness on the one side, and by bad blood upon the other. The Orleansists and the Bourbonists have fought the Republic and the Empire, by making the poor poorer, by spending as little as possible in the form of wages, and by extorting as much as possible in the form of revenues. This policy became an absolute insanity of avarice in the Countess de Caumont-Laforce.

The marriage of the Count and Countess was a union of riches and titles, and was extremely unhappy. She was a woman of a middling height, with flashing dark eyes, who, under a noble air, with a mein of insolence tempered by refinement, and a deportment and conversation displaying an intelligent mind—had a soul ineffably sordid. When her husband dined out, her two children and their English governess would have had no dinner, if he had not given them money to buy something at the shops. Her son, when a little boy, would scream in the streets when his mother took his franc from him. No servant could live with her. Ten

or a dozen years ago, her husband was obliged to separate from her, with his children. He tried three times to deprive her of the management of her affairs, as a lunatic; but her powerful relatives—whose pride would not admit the existence of insanity among them, and her own plausible tongue—persuaded the tribunals she was the injured wife of a covetous husband. Deprived of the restraining influence of her husband, she lived alone in her mansion, amidst unimaginable dust and disorder; splendor and squalor. She slept in a bed which was never made, and bought her food for a few coppers in the shops. Her chimney-piece clocks were never wound up, and were placed upon the floors; her porcelain ware was piled upon the beds; and her pictures were turned against the walls. She did not spend, it has been calculated by one who knew her well, twenty pounds a year upon herself. Her chief expense was the keep of three horses, rarely used. Whatever little cooking she did, she did in her boudoir; and all the harness of her horses was kept in her drawing-room. No sober groom who knew her reputation would have taken her place, as she scolded, and cheated, and changed her grooms continually. When she did ride out, the Countess and her groom were a show which delighted the eyes of the boys of the neighborhood, with a living companion picture to Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, each one feeling—

“And when again she rides abroad
May I be there to see.”

Encountering her husband upon one of these occasions, she followed him, loaded him with abuse, and threatened him with her whip, the whole length of the Champs Elysées.

The Countess had a family mansion in Belgium, which was kept like her Paris hôtel. When she travelled from Paris to Brussels, she went by the third-class carriages through France, and by the first through Belgium; changing her carriage, because when she went on a visit to the queen, a court carriage was waiting for her. Once, when the court was at their country residence at Laeken, an incident occurred which shall be described in her own words. “You see, I went down to see my sister, Clementine, when they were at Laeken, because I had something to say to her. I took with me my little wicker market-basket, in which I kept my keys; for there are thieves, you know, in Belgium, as well as in France. Well, on descending at the palace, I left my cloak in the vestibule, because, you see, it was all patched; and I left my little basket hidden behind a curtain, in one of the ante-

rooms. Just as I had done speaking with the queen, who should come in but the king, who insisted upon giving me his arm to my carriage. The honor was no doubt very great, but it was very disagreeable, as I had hidden my little market-basket behind a curtain, and left my old patched cloak in the vestibule. Luckily, although the king knows French very well, he does not understand Flemish. So I told a little page, in Flemish, to go and fetch my little market-basket from behind the curtain; and he went and brought it. The day was very cold; so when we came into the vestibule, the king asked for my cloak, and the lackeys, all laughing at its patches, gave it to the king, who put it upon my shoulders. Really the honor was very great, you know, but it was very disagreeable, you see, on account of my little basket and my old patched cloak.”

The Countess de Caumont-Lafore ought to have been surrounded with friends who would have told her she was, according to the probable course of things, courting a violent end. An assassination is as invariable a consequence of certain combinations of provocation and vengeance, as a conflagration is of certain combinations of caloric and combustibles. The moral perversion of the aristocratic avarice of the countess, we shall see, was a thing not a whit less revolting than the moral perversion of the democratic fury of her groom.

The Countess gave more than her share of occupation to the police. During one of her absences in Belgium, all the furniture of her hôtel was packed up and sent off to Havre, for shipment to America, and the police only arrived just in time to prevent the vessel from sailing. Her avarice, violence, and dishonesty produced continual quarrels with her ever-changing grooms. Sometimes she pushed them, and sometimes they pushed her. She once felled a lad to the ground with her fist, and hurt him so badly that he had to be carried to the hospital.

Nothing is known of the family of Antoine Baumann, her murderer. The process by which servants are brought who kill their employers is, however, it may be observed, a thing of considerable importance to society, and well worth knowing. Baumann was a native of Wurtemberg, knowing how to read and write; and came to France to learn the language. He could never obtain a place in Paris as groom in which he could gain more than twenty pence a-day. He lost one place for having been drunk. He remained five years in the service of an artist painter, who always found him mild, obliging and faithful. All money-errands were executed by him with probity and exactitude. He assisted his countrymen in distress with

generosity. His only faults were, his sometimes getting tipsy, and his taking no thought whatever of the morrow. His intelligence was very limited, and the effect of drink upon him was rather to brutify than to irritate him. He entered the service of the Countess in the end of January, 1856.

On the morning of the 20th of February, between eight and nine o'clock, he came out of the huge green gate. His mistress had sent him to buy some rolls and milk. Baumann, after making his purchases for his mistress, entered a wine-shop, and bought and drank two-pence worth of brandy, obtaining as much as could be obtained in Great Britain for a shilling. The wine-shops are the colleges and chapels of the poor in France. History, morals, politics, jurisprudence, and literature, in iniquitous forms, are all taught in these colleges and chapels, where professors of evil continually deliver their lessons, and where hymns are sung nightly to the demon of demoralization. In these haunts of the poor, theft is taught as the morality of property, falsehood as the morality of speech, and assassination as the justice of the people. It is in the wine-shop the cabman is taught to think it heroic to shoot the middle-classman who disputes his fare. It is in the wine-shop the workman is taught to admire the man who stabs his faithless mistress. It is in the wine-shop the doom is pronounced of the employer who lowers the pay of the employed. The secret tribunals of the nation of poverty and of crime, hold there their sittings, and pronounce there their sentences. These are the camps of one of the armies whose wars, whether dumb or thundering, form the internal life of France. The wine-shops breed — in a physical atmosphere of malaria and a moral pestilence of envy and vengeance — the men of crime and revolution. Hunger is proverbially a bad counsellor, but drink is

a worse; and Baumann returned from the wine-shop with his brain full of an intention to give his mistress a beating as a lesson. His dram, we shall find in the end, cost him more than twopence.

When Baumann returned heated with brandy, the Countess scolded him thrice for not having sufficiently looked for a bit of old iron. He said he had looked enough for it, and she said he had not; and he said he had until he struck her with his fists, and strangled her with his hands, scarcely knowing what he did all the while. He dragged her senseless body into the woodhouse, and piled straw and wood upon it. A negro servant in the next house, having heard the cries, called out to him, "were they strangling you, down there?" and Baumann answered, "No, it is nothing." Recovering a little from his delirium of brandy and fury, Baumann picked up the keys the Countess had let fall, and, entering the house, took a purse and forty-five francs to enable him to escape to his country. After having washed his hands, he went to go out by the gate.

Meanwhile, the negro, convinced there was something wrong, had spoken to a policeman, who continued to linger about the gate. When Baumann came out the policeman asked him where he was going; and he answered, to get a dram.

"But you have blood upon you!"

"I have just killed my mistress."

When the Commissary of the Police came, Baumann told him all about it.

On Tuesday, the 15th of April, Antoine Baumann was tried for murder, and condemned to imprisonment with hard labor, for life — the price of his drama, and the result of his training in the schools in which he was bred. The sordid Countess and the drunken groom reaped both the consequences of their qualities; and the world is but too full of seed ripening into similar fruit.

THE WIDOW BEDOTT PAPERS. *With an Introduction.* By Alice B. Neal. (New York, Derby & Son; London, Low & Co.)

The introduction to this book takes the trouble of criticism out of our hands. We are told that "an excellent critic said, that he regarded them as the best Yankee papers yet written"; and an instance is given "of a Lady who for several days after reading one of them was continually, and often at moments the most inopportune, bursting forth into fits of violent laughter." "We remember," says another person, "as if

it had been but yesterday, the mirth-moved family circle that listened to the reading of the first of the series with almost convulsive laughter; and from that time until we corrected the proof-sheets of the last, we considered them among the cleverest, as they certainly were amongst the most popular, of any humorous articles by an American author." If after all this the English reader should find "The Widow Bedott Papers" entirely unreadable, it may be some comfort to know that we also found them intolerably dull. —*Athenæum.*

From The Spectator.

TRIAL OF PALMER THE POISONER.

PALMER is convicted on the testimony of his own acts. Although the evidence is purely circumstantial, it is remarkable in this case for the mass of it which turns entirely and solely upon the acts of the prisoner and the symptoms of his victim, with a very small proportion of collateral evidence—perhaps none. There was scarcely a doubt about one of the essential points out of the scores which were brought together and formed the case for the Crown. The contest of counsel in court was pursued with a remarkable contrast between the two sides: the Crown made no mystery of its proceedings, and placed all that it was prepared to bring before the Court within the knowledge of the prisoner's counsel; he had all the advantage of ample time for preparation; it was in the power of his lawyers to collect everything which they could bring to show the innocent portion of his acts, if there had been such—to prove that he had been in other places than those stated, that he had done something else besides the behavior imputed to him; or to give, by explanation, another interpretation to the facts proved. It was this very advantage which appeared to betray the lawyers for the defence into the weakest part of their case, when they endeavored, against the present testimony of the prisoner's countenance, to give a sentimental turn to some acts of his life; or when they brought into court one witness in the hope of explaining the administration of medicine to Cook by the prisoner, and that witness was liable to be forced into confessions of his own strange relations with the prisoner's family. The Crown said to the prisoner, "These are your acts, which point you out as a defaulter, a forger, and a murderer, the default and forgery being the steps by which you were led to murder; here are all the circumstances which we know against you: explain them if you can!" The immense facilities afforded for explanation imposed a parallel responsibility upon the prisoner and his counsel. If the presence of strychnine could not be proved in the body of his victim, the presence of antimony was proved: why was the antimony administered? And if the strychnine was not there, for what purpose did the prisoner buy the strychnine? If Palmer had been, though a guilty man, yet innocent of this particular charge, there must have been a multitude of circumstances which he could have brought forward to cast a doubt upon the story. There was not one. The whole aim of the counsel was only to disprove particular circumstances. The only attempt at explaining the story was the curious fiction by which

Palmer was represented as having an interest in the survival of Cook: the mass of the testimony established beyond a doubt that, whatever he *did*, he had an interest in the man's death. The result was, that no story whatsoever was established on Palmer's side, and the story against him remained without contradiction. The charge, in fact, stood unanswered by any defence more cogent or more convincing than the prisoner's own simple utterance of the words "Not guilty!"

The case should be a lesson to counsel, on their duty to their profession as well as to their client. The advocate who has undertaken the cause of a prisoner arraigned, may plead in excuse for persevering in a defence which he knows to be false, that for him to draw back is to add himself to the list of witnesses against his client—to confess the question which is submitted to the jury, to damn the prisoner, and to usurp the functions at once of witness, juror, and judge. This is true; but it is not the business of counsel to invent new fictions to gloss over the coarsest guilt with a train of spurious sentiment, or upon the basis of a vulgar English crime to construct before the court a sentimental French romance. The counsel in such case cannot betray his duty to his client and throw up his brief, but he can perform the strict obligation to the accused while preserving his duty to the profession, by limiting himself to seeing that if the prisoner be convicted he be so according to the strict letter of the law and upon evidence adduced and substantiated in court. The failure of Mr. Sergeant Shee in this case—failure, we mean, under the eye of criticism—may convince counsel that the stricter rule is, in the long run, the safer rule for their own reputes, as certainly it is the most salutary rule for the profession at large, since it reconciles the obligations to a guilty man with the correct administration of justice and the establishment of truth.

One part of the evidence—the medical and scientific part—was exhibited in a state far from satisfactory. The public has seen, with a regret approaching to shame, men of good repute standing forward for the purpose of advocating a particular view. One medical witness spoke with an evident desire to maintain a doctrine that would have favored the prisoner, and he admitted with reluctance well-known medical facts inconsistent with that doctrine. Another set up a ridiculous notion of epilepsy with "tetanic complications." The manner in which names of some repute are paraded in advertisements for commodities sold in the shops had already suggested a disagreeable doubt as to the mode in which *such* medical services are obtained; but, without ascribing

any corrupt motive, the medical witnesses, may be charged with bringing into court, as they too often thrust into their practice, a controversial spirit which forgets the matter in hand : in the desire to damage some rival or antagonist, medical men contended to save the life of a criminal, as they have struggled over the deathbed of a forgotten patient. On both sides there were witnesses who redeem the character of the profession. From Sir Benjamin Brodie, for example, we had the clear and consistent exposition of the results of a long professional life. The experience of Brodie, was placed at the service of the Jury ; and the Jury, aided by the Judge, was able to apply that experience to the case in hand. From Wrightson, a younger but evidently a clear-minded man, we had the same distinct statements of observations, freed from inferences carried beyond the simple record of observation, and defined with distinctness. It is a rare quality of intellect to take note of the point at which experiment or reason stops.

Besides the somewhat confused state in which the crowd of medical witnesses showed the science of toxicology to remain at present, we may also draw from the body of their statements the inference that this obscurity is favorable to the poisoner ; and many circumstances in this case as well as others suggest a suspicion that the poisoner knew his opportunity.

The case in fact teaches many lessons. It has disclosed to society at large an unexpected view of what is vulgarly called "fast life." We know already that certain sporting centres were not the centres of virtue ; but we were prepared to put liberal constructions upon the resort of a Lord George Bentinck or an Admiral Rous, who have used meritorious exertions to improve the morale of the sporting classes. We knew how imperfect had been the success of these endeavors ; but we did not know the extent to which the irregularities of Newmarket or Shrewsbury might run. It is evident from this case that there are many grades between a Palmer and a Cook, but that all within that range are tainted ; that all are liable to that descent in vice which is easy but rapid, is marked by the steps of dishonest borrowing, forgery, and murder, and leads straight down into the infernal depths to which Palmer went. We discovered from the same case the ready, vast, and multiplied facilities that are placed at the service of those classes for ruining themselves and for dragging others with them.

The lesson perhaps will go home to numbers who may equal Palmer in his want of morality, but fall short of him in daring or

resource. Not that we ascribe to the man any great ability, or even the coarser kind of ingenuity or bravery. He had some inventiveness, but it was all in one direction — all the instigation of an extremely low motive. And when he is put to the test, even in his own vocation of fraud, he proves after all to be a fool. While he was scheming to undermine his victims, he could not keep himself on his guard against supplying evidence to damn himself. At the very time when he was gathering information with respect to the overt signs of poison, he could not restrain himself from an exclamation to show his satisfaction at the difficulty of tracing strychnine, and thus to leave indelibly lodged in the mind of another man the proof of his interest in concealing a deadly poison. We have had great poisoners in other countries, but the circumstances of those countries and those days were very different from our own. Men could kill each other in the streets with impunity for the survivor, so much laxer was the administration of law. Science was limited to comparatively few ; there was a vulgar belief in necromancy ; the law had not nicely arranged the rules of evidence ; and we had no "usual channels of information" to secure publicity and the collection of evidence on every stage of a man's ordinary life. Without newspapers, without railways, without a well-organized police, it would have been absolutely impossible to collect from different parts of a country that volume of biography with which the police were enabled to supply the Attorney-General, and out of which he composed a biographical treatise that established a character of the man, as if he had been dead for hundreds of years and large libraries had been ransacked for materials. A Palmer has to attempt the crime of Borgia under circumstances that might have appalled a keen-sighted son of that detested family. Retrospectively we can see the many points in which Palmer failed : we can lay our finger upon the spot where he could have added a caution which he forgot, or preserved a concealment that he neglected. But might be answered, that the intellect which could so completely perfect the necessary conditions of a successful crime would also see the one grand condition which makes success for crime impossible, and precludes any mortal from reckoning upon the course of circumstances. No human intellect can discern in the distance the complicated conditions ; no human invention could devise all the causes necessary to produce the mass of concurrent circumstances ; no human influences could be powerful enough to set all these causes in operation.

From Household Words.

THE DEMEANOR OF MURDERERS.

THE recent trial of the greatest villain that ever stood in the Old Bailey dock has produced the usual descriptions inseparable from such occasions. The public has read from day to day of the murderer's complete self-possession, of his constant coolness, of his profound composure, of his perfect equanimity. Some describers have gone so far as to represent him, occasionally rather amused than otherwise by the proceedings; and all the accounts that we have seen, concur in more or less suggesting that there is something admirable, and difficult to reconcile with guilt, in the bearing so elaborately set forth.

As whatever tends, however undesignedly, to insinuate this uneasy sense of incongruity into any mind, and to invest so abhorrent a ruffian with the slightest tinge of heroism, must be prejudicial to the general welfare, we revive the detestable subject with the hope of showing that there is nothing at all singular in such a deportment, but that it is always to be looked for and counted on, in the case of a very wicked murderer. The blacker the guilt, the stronger the probability of its being thus carried off.

In passing, we will express an opinion that Nature never writes a bad hand. Her writing, as it may be read in the human countenance, is invariably legible, if we come at all trained to the reading of it. Some little weighing and comparing are necessary. It is not enough in turning our eyes on the demon in the Dock, to say he has a fresh color, or a high head, or a bluff manner, or what not, and therefore he does not look like a murderer, and we are surprised and shaken. The physiognomy and conformation of the Poisoner whose trial occasions these remarks, were exactly in accordance with his deeds; and every guilty consciousness he had gone on storing up in his mind, had set its mark upon him.

We proceed, within as short a compass as possible, to illustrate the position we have placed before our readers in the first paragraph of this paper.

The Poisoner's demeanor was considered exceedingly remarkable, because of his composure under trial, and because of the confident expectation of acquittal which he professed to the last, and under the influence of which he, at various times during his incarceration, referred to the plans he entertained for the future when he should be free again.

Can any one, reflecting on the matter for five minutes, suppose it possible—we do not say probable, but possible—that in the breast of this Poisoner there were surviving, in the

days of his trial, any lingering traces of sensibility, or any wrecked fragment of the quality which we call sentiment? Can the profoundest or the simplest man alive, believe that in such a heart there could have been left, by that time, any touch of Pity? An objection to die, and an especial objection to be killed, no doubt he had; and with that objection very strong within him for divers very weighty reasons, he was—not quite composed. Distinctly *not* quite composed, but, on the contrary, very restless. At one time, he was incessantly pulling on and pulling off his glove; at another time, his hand was constantly passing over and over his face; and the thing most instanced in proof of his composure, the perpetual writing and scattering about of little notes, which, as the verdict drew nearer and nearer, thickened from a sprinkling to a heavy shower, is in itself a proof of miserable restlessness. Beyond this emotion, which any lower animal would have, with an apprehension on it of a similar fate, what was to be expected from such a creature but insensibility? I poison my friend in his drink, and I poison my friend in his bed, and I poison my wife, and I poison her memory, and do you look to me, at the end of such a career as mine, for sensibility? I have not the power of it even in my own behalf, I have lost the manner of it, I don't know what it means, I stand contemptuously wondering at you people here when I see you moved by this affair. In the Devil's name, man, have you heard the evidence of that chambermaid, whose tea I should like to have the sweetening of? Did you hear her describe the agonies in which my friend expired? Do you know that it was my trade to be learned in poisons, and that I foresaw all that, and considered all that, and knew, when I stood at his bedside looking down upon his face turned to me for help on its road to the grave through the frightful gate then swinging on its hinges, that in so many hours or minutes all these horrors would infallibly ensue? Have you heard that, after my poisonings, I have had to face the circumstances out, with friends and enemies, doctors, undertakers, all sorts of men, and have uniformly done it; and do you wonder that I face it out with you? Why not? What right or reason can you have to expect anything else of me? Wonder! You might wonder, indeed, if you saw me moved, here now before you. If I had any natural human feeling for my face to express, do you imagine that those medicines of my prescribing and administering would ever have been taken from my hand? Why, man, my demeanor at this bar is the natural companion of my crimes, and, if it were a tittle different from what it is, you might

even begin reasonably to doubt whether I had ever committed them !

The Poisoner had a confident expectation of acquittal. We doubt as little that he really had some considerable hope of it, as we do that he made a pretence of having more than he really had. Let us consider, first, if it be wonderful that he should have been rather sanguine. He had poisoned his victims according to his carefully-laid plans ; he had got them buried out of his way : he had murdered, and forged, and yet kept his place as a good fellow and a sporting character ; he had made a capital friend of the coroner, and a serviceable traitor of the postmaster ; he was a great public character, with a special Act of Parliament for his trial ; the choice spirits of the Stock Exchange were offering long odds in his favor, and, to wind up all, here was a tip-top Counsellor bursting into tears for him, saying to the jury, three times over, " You dare not, you dare not, you dare not ! " and bolting clean out of the course to declare his belief that he was innocent. With all this to encourage him, with his own Derby-day division of mankind into knaves and fools, and with his own secret knowledge of the difficulties and mysteries with which the proof of Poison had been, in the manner of the Poisoning, surrounded, it would have been strange indeed if he were not borne up by some idea of escape. But, why should he have professed himself to have more hope of escape than he really entertained ? The answer is, because it belongs to that extremity, that the villain in it should not only declare a strong expectation of acquittal himself, but should try to infect all the people about him with it. Besides having an artful fancy (not wholly without foundation) that he disseminates by that means an impression that he is innocent ; to surround himself in his narrowed world with this fiction is, for the time being, to fill the jail with a faintly rose-colored atmosphere, and to remove the gallows to a more agreeable distance. Hence, plans are laid for the future, communicated with an engaging candor to turnkeys, and discussed in a reliant spirit. Even sick men and women, over whom natural death is impending, constantly talk with those about them on precisely the same principle.

It may be objected that there is some slight ingenuity in our endeavors to resolve the demeanor of this Poisoner into the same features as the demeanor of every other very wicked and very hardened criminal in the same strait, but that a parallel would be better than argument. We have no difficulty in finding a parallel ; we have no difficulty in finding scores, beyond the almost insuperable difficulty of finding, in the criminal

records, as deeply-dyed a murderer. To embarrass these remarks, however, with references to cases that have passed out of the general memory, or have never been widely known, would be to render the discussion very irksome. We will confine ourselves to a famous instance. We will not even ask if it be so long ago since Rush was tried, that his demeanor is forgotten. We will call Thurtell into court, as one of the murderers best remembered in England.

With the difference that the circumstances of Thurtell's guilt are not comparable in atrocity with those of the Poisoner's, there are points of strong resemblance between the two men. Each was born in a fair station, and educated in conformity with it ; each murdered a man with whom he had been on terms of intimate association, and for whom he professed a friendship at the time of the murder ; both were members of that vermin-race of outer betters and blacklegs, of whom some worthy samples were presented on both trials, and of whom, as a community, mankind would be blessedly rid, if they could all be, once and forever, knocked on the head at a blow. Thurtell's demeanor was exactly that of the Poisoner's. We have referred to the newspapers of his time, in aid of our previous knowledge of the case ; and they present a complete confirmation of the simple fact for which we contend. From day to day, during his imprisonment before his trial, he is described as " collected and resolute in his demeanor," as " rather mild and conciliatory in his address," as being visited by " friends whom he receives with cheerfulness," as " remaining firm and unmoved," as " increasing in confidence as the day which is to decide his fate draws nigh," as " speaking of the favorable result of the trial with his usual confidence." On his trial, he looks " particularly well and healthy." His attention and composure are considered as wonderful as the Poisoner's ; he writes notes as the Poisoner did ; he watches the case with the same cool eye ; he " retains that firmness for which, from the moment of his apprehension, he has been distinguished ; " he " carefully asserts his papers on a desk near him ; " he is (in this being singular) his own orator, and makes a speech in the manner of Edmund Kean, on the whole not very unlike that of the leading counsel for the Poisoner, concluding, as to his own innocence, with a *So help me God !* Before his trial, the Poisoner says he will be at the coming race for the Derby. Before his trial, Thurtell says, " that after his acquittal he will visit his father, and will propose to him to advance the portion which he intended for him, upon which he will reside abroad." (So Mr. Manning observed, under similar circum-

stances, that when all that nonsense was over, and the thing wound up, he had an idea of establishing himself in the West Indies). When the Poisoner's trial is yet to last another day or so, he enjoys his half-pound of steak and his tea, wishes his best friends may sleep as he does, and fears the grave "no more than his bed." (See the Evening Hymn for a Young Child.) When Thurtell's trial is yet to last another day or so, he takes his cold meat, tea, and coffee, and "enjoys himself with great comfort;" also, on the morning of his execution, he wakes from as innocent a slumber as the Poisoner's, declaring that he has had an excellent night, and that he hasn't dreamed "about this business." Whether the parallel will hold to the last, as to "feeling very well and very comfortable," as to "the firm step and perfect calmness," as to "the manliness and correctness of his general conduct," as

to "the countenance unchanged by the awfulness of the situation"—not to say as to bowing to a friend from the scaffold, "in a friendly but dignified manner"—our readers will know for themselves when we know too.

It is surely time that people who are not in the habit of dissecting such appearances, but who are in the habit of reading about them, should be helped to the knowledge that, in the worst examples they are the most to be expected, and the least to be wondered at. That, there is no inconsistency in them, and no fortitude in them. That, there is nothing in them but cruelty and insensibility. That, they are seen, because the man is of a piece with his misdeeds; and that it is not likely that he ever could have committed the crimes for which he is to suffer, if he had not this demeanor to present, in standing publicly to answer for them.

PILGRIMS AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.—This year there were about 5000; more than of late, but still a small number. It appears that the better is their position in regard to the Turks, the fiercer is their mood towards each other. They have brought with them their feuds from Asia Minor and the Greek islands and joined them to those of the Greek and Latin Christians in Jerusalem, and have given a loose to their passions before the altar of the holiest church in Christendom. It was not only under the intoxication of the suspense of waiting for the miraculous fire, and scrambling over one another's heads to get near the source of the flame: there were stones and weapons deposited in readiness behind the pillars; and more were stored in the Greek convent at hand, and given out through a window whilst the fray was proceeding. Both parties were thus prepared, it seems; and they succeeded in seriously injuring each other, though the Pasha and the Commandant had four hundred soldiers on the spot to keep order. Many Turks and about fifty Christians were seriously hurt by the fighting in the church; and the fight was kept up in the streets afterwards. . . . The Pasha did what he could to prevent the rival-sectaries from meeting, taking care that no Armenian or Greek entered the church during the services of the antagonist sect. The Christian Governments of Europe must do something more before next year. If they had Mohammedans brawling in a mosque in London, or Moscow, or Paris, flying at one another's throats, and mauling the soldiers sent to keep order, the Christian Powers would call upon the Sultan to take measures for abating the nuisance. It would be no answer that the brawlers belonged to rival sects; and the Sultan must not be put off with such an excuse by his Christian allies. He had seen enough of the stealing of relics—the stone of the Angel on the one hand, and of the silver star at Bethlehem

on the other; and of the mutual obstruction in building churches and the rival destruction of venerable tombs, and efforts at ejection from convent and chapel. He had seen enough of the fighting in Easter week. . . . The Sultan is loyally doing his duty by his Christian subjects and his allies. If the Czar entertains his father's view of the Easter Pilgrimage, will he not try another limitation—that of the holy fire having answered, as far as it goes? Will not the French Emperor, whom the Pope calls the Eldest Son of the Church, apply to Rome to restrain the disorders on the Latin side of the Christian feud? Austria might help by her intercession to the same effect. Protestant England can hardly exercise any direct action: but it is doing something to point out to the heads of the Greek and Latin Churches that the Christian religion has small chance of extension in the East while its professors disgrace it in its own holy places, and are safe from each other only under Mussulman protection. If the grave Turk ever laughs in the face of his guest, it must be when he is told that Christianity is the religion of peace and love. — *Daily News*.

MODERN FRENCH HISTORY IN THE TILL.—I was much pleased altogether with the little I saw of Paris. One episode was rather amusing. I went with a friend to buy a pair of gloves. In paying for them, she wanted as change one of the new five-franc pieces which had been lately struck. It was not easy to find one: the shopkeeper emptied his till, and there tumbled out Kings of France and Kings of the French, Emperors and Republics, a motley company. I could not help saying, after he had found the one wanted, with Louis Napoleon's head, "What next?" The man smiled but said nothing. — *Ismeer, or Smyrna and its British Hospital*.

OCEAN.

Oh, that this silver stream would bear my soul,
(Whilst, in abstracted mood, I watch'd some
star)

Like sere leaf on its water's petty roll !

I would its devious windings follow far,
And never with one thought disturb its flow,
But, like a child in some beloved embrace,
Lie still and rest, and purest pleasure know
In looking to attain the wish'd-for place.

With thee, great Ocean, would I long to be;
Again to rest upon thy shell-strown sand;
To list, like lover, to the melody
Of thy dear voice; to kiss the snowy hand
Which smooths to pillows the rough beach; to
fold

In my embrace thy rocks; in dreams, once
more

To spend old hours with thee, and to behold
Thy face, reflecting heaven as of yore.

To seek conceal'd wonders few would note,
The unheeded ripple, like an infant smile,
The shell of life deserted; or to float
On thy calm breast at evening, the while
No sound should startle the tranced air, and gaze
On minute forests and strange plants that
grow

On thy sand-floor, where, folded in the maze
Of purple leaves, untended flowers blow.

To watch the evening shades and vapors dun
Gather like clouds of sorrow on thy face,
And to behold, perchance, the weary sun
Serenely sinking in thy kind embrace,
Like a most wayward child who will not rest,
Save on one breast; for thee, in silence deep,
To rock his cloudy cradle in the west,
And draw the curtain as he falls asleep.

To wait until the moon, in garments bright,
Enters the sky as a deserted town,
Changing the battlements to walls of light,
Whilst, scarcely seen, some starry-eyes look
down,

With gentle greeting, as she glides along;
The Queen of Peace, with majesty elate;
But thou, as lonely echo some sweet song,
In thy clear breast dost mock her little state.

Like watcher by a slumbering child, to list
To thy low breathing, as thou sleepest by;
To see the distant vessel veil'd in mist,
Like spirit invoked of the moon on high;
To climb some rock, and calm my troubled
mind,

The while unwearied tides pass on below,
Though all seem still, and there is no rough
wind

To weave the dying wave a wreath of snow.

Thou, Ocean, art the same; but where are they
With whom I loved to haunt thy vocal shore?
Life's changes bore them from my path away,
And I may see those well-known forms no
more :

Sad thought, no more to tread that glistening
beach,

And watch thy troubled bosom heave and fall,

In their sweet presence,—for beyond my reach
Wafted are those dear hearts, and scatter'd
all.

As if, far distant in the universe,

A group of planets, which to our short sight
Had seem'd a shining cloud, should all disperse,
Deserting their true paths of borrow'd light,
And, on the eternal ocean, circling far,
Seek island worlds; leaving their sun, bereft
Of their kind ministry, a wandering star,
To explore heaven alone. So I am left.

I am left; and find solace in the dreams
Peopling my mind, as that deserted sun,
In the fair race with which its surface teems,
'Neath the bright awning human gaze would
shun;

And when to thy breast, Ocean, my thoughts fly,
Like thy pure tribute for the thirsty ground,
Purged from pollution, they are drawn on high;
Where all my faithful lost ones shall be found.

—Household Words.

NIGHT SCENE AT PISA.

Slowly ebbs the silent river,
Not a boat upon its breast;
Only here and there the quiver
Of a lantern breaks its rest.

By its side the stately mansions,
Long and dim their shadow falls;
Windows, with their iron stanchions,
Darkly dot the marble walls.

Hush'd is all the sound of labor;
Hush'd the shrill fiacchino's tones;
Scarce at times an Austrian sabre
Rings, as trailing o'er the stones.

Soft, a mournful sound comes coming,
Distant tread of hurrying feet;
Light of pitchy torches looming
O'er the narrow grass-grown street.

Muffled figures clothed in yellow,
Black the burthen which they bring;
Him but yesterday their fellow,
Now a shrouded, lifeless thing.

Sweep their robes so dark and ample,
Up the slope and o'er the ridge;
Chanting solemnly, they trample
All across the heavy bridge.

To the holy field they take him;
Him or her, we know not which;
There they leave him, then forsake him,
Young or old, or poor or rich.

There they leave the quiet sleeper,
There to rest beneath the sod;
Safe the spirit with its keeper,
Safe the soul beside its God.

Then away the muffled brothers
Thro' the torchlight dimly sweep,
Widows, sisters, children, mothers,
In the darkness watch and weep.

—Fraser's Magazine.

From The Athenæum.

Impressions of England; or, Sketches of English Scenery and Society. By A. Cleveland Coxe. New York, Dana & Co.

Mr. Coxe visits London, skims over the surface of England, and conceives "impressions" of us and our doings which are not unfavorable. He disclaims being considered a foreigner: nothing makes him so angry as the insinuation that Americans are not part and parcel of this country, and he indignantly invokes the want of nationality of our Royal Family as a set-off against the accusation. He says:

"Foreigner, forsooth! I always felt that an Anglo-American may feel himself far more at home in London, than many who inhabit there. Who are the reigning family, but a race of Germans, never yet completely naturalized either in Church or State? What is England to Prince Albert, except as he can use it for his own purposes?"

His ire had not subsided before he caught sight of the Crystal Palace, consequently, its cause is reflected in its glassy front.

"I now saw the Crystal Palace for the first time, and scarcely looked at it at all. It was just what everybody knows, from ten thousand pictures. I had a prejudice against it at this time, heightened by the fact that many, whom I had met, had innocently taken it for granted that an American must, of course, have come to England to see the show. The idea of going to England to look at anything short of England itself! Besides, I supposed it a mere toy of Prince Albert's—just the thing for a Dutch folly—or, like the Russian ice-palace, —

'Work of imperial dotage,
Shining, and yet so false!'"

He therefore looks, and passes on. So much affection for a country has, of course, its corresponding anxieties, and on surveying the New Palace of Westminster his fearful fancy pictures a most uncomfortable domestic scene as likely to happen within its walls. After great admiration of the exterior structure, he says:

"Alas! one fears, however, that it is to be made the scene of the gradual taking down of the nation itself. It is too likely to prove the house in which John Bull will be worried to death by his own family."

Mr. Coxe, though a clergyman, has very strong political feelings, which he as strongly

expresses—giving no quarter to his opponents. Their hair, hats, and waistcoats, are made to witness against them; and on visiting the House of Commons, we may take his vehement attacks upon the style and looks of Mr. Disraeli and Lord John Russell as specimens of the manner in which Congress members are handled.

"Mr. Disraeli made a great speech, in his way; but it is a very poor way, his whole manner being declamatory and sophomorical in the extreme. I had met him several times as I sauntered through Pall Mall, and looked in vain for any traces in his face and manner of the clever author of 'Coningsby' and its successors. A jaunty and rather flashy young man, with black ringlets, twisted about a face quite devoid of elevated expression—such was the impression he gave me in the open air, and in the House of Commons I saw nothing at variance with it. He is certainly a man of parts, but that such as he should have forced his way to the Leadership of the House of Commons, only proves the extreme mediocrity of this generation. That he is a Jew is a great bar to his advancement, although he is a Jewish Christian. He affects, however, to be very proud of his *Oriental* origin, and perhaps he may be so; but one feels that he cannot be confided in, and that he is a mere adventurer. He seemed to me to ape Sir Robert Peel, in his way of thrusting his arm behind the skirts of the coat, and exposing the whole waistcoat in a flaring manner. I have heard as good talking at a debating club as he treated us to that night in the House of Commons. Still he made some good hits at Ministers, and was often interrupted by cries of *hear, hear, hear*, which are rather muttered than vociferated around the benches. He has since been Chancellor of the Exchequer, himself adopting the very policy which he then abused in terms the most noisy and passionate. Ministers were, of course, not slow in replying, and I had a chance of beholding some of the expiring grimaces of Lord John Russell, whose feeble government was just ready to fall to pieces of itself. I knew the man as soon as I saw him in the House. There he sat, under a hat that seemed to extinguish his features, trying to laugh and look good-natured. At last he rose, and I observed that the familiar caricatures of *Punch* were in fact good likenesses. He is his own caricature. A diminutive utterer of 'great, swelling words'; paltry, and yet pompous; and altogether as insignificant a person as I ever saw dressed in brief authority. He had only a few plain things to say, and yet he contrived to utter

them as if he were saying—'I am Sir Oracle.'"

After so much excitement, Mr. Coxé finds a little country air very soothing, and as he explores the rural provinces, settles down into a much calmer frame of mind, which enables him to enjoy the variety of charming and unexpected adventures he meets with, always popping upon some well-known poet, fair spirit, or railway leviathan, who seems to be waiting on purpose to do the honors. He takes the round of most of the English show-places, and experiences both pleasure and wonder at the sight of our old abbeys

and baronial halls, which are the greatest *novelties* we have to present to the inhabitant of a go-ahead country. His remarks on Chatsworth (as it stands, truly Italian-like, in uninhabited splendor, in one of the loveliest of English counties) display his national "cate-ness." Being a clergyman, he frequently lodges with the clergy, who, we are happy to find, are all either "venerable," "hospitable," or "earnest." In cathedral towns, he receives the politest attention from the "estimable Dean and Chapter," and also from that "polished prelate," the Bishop.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.—It is pretty certain that unless we keep Sunday *holy*, we shall soon cease, in any real sense, to keep it at all. We are one of the busiest nations on earth; the demands on our time and strength have grown year by year more severe; business or ambition become more and more absorbing. Well nigh all our other holidays are gone from practical life, with much hurt both to soul and body. Great temptations are often even now held out by hardly-pushed employers to induce their men to work through the Sunday. So great, so evidently mischievous is the wear and tear of life, that the law has had to step in between avarice and its victim; to violate even the all-powerful maxims of free trade, and to interfere, by control of hours and various restrictions, in the "labor-market." The spirit of money-getting chafes and strains at the checks imposed by law and public opinion. It is not hard to see what must follow if those restraints are discredited and disregarded in high places. If the working classes will not be content with the Sunday rest, which is theirs because the day is held to be holy, they will soon lose it as a holiday also. They will ere long be just as much expected to work on Sundays as on weekdays, and just as much forced. . . . Every nerve is strained in the race of competition; every week is scarce long enough to put the week's work in. Sunday has hitherto been held by all but universal consent amongst us as a dies don; but this consent is based on a religious obligation. Remove that obligation, and Sunday will soon be added to our already too heavy days of labor. The day will be given wholly either to God or Mammon. It is to be remembered, too, that our reverence for Sunday is the last token surviving amongst our masses of respect for a positive and ceremonial precept of God and his Church. Ought not those who wish to revive the Church system in its fulness, to preserve with care this yet living fragment of it? The English idea of the Christian year consists, it may be said, of fifty-two Sundays, and next to nothing else.

True; but ought we not rather to try to restore the neglected holy days, than to secularize those which are still observed? The English idea of Sunday is perhaps more straitlaced and Puritanical than has prevailed in Christendom in other times and places; but if we impair it, let us beware lest we impair also those sentiments on which the observance of all holy seasons rests, and break the framework which might have helped us to construct a more perfect system. — *Guardian*.

CALAIS CHURCH.—I cannot find words to express the intense pleasure I have always in first finding myself, after some prolonged stay in England, at the foot of the old tower of Calais Church. The large neglect, the noble unsightliness of it; the record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay; its stern wasteness and gloom, eaten away by the Channel winds, and overgrown with the bitter sea-grasses; its slates and tiles all shaken and rent, and yet not falling; its desert of brickwork, full of bolts and holes, and ugly fissures, and yet strong, like a bare brown rock; its carelessness of what any one thinks or feels about it, putting forth no claim, having no beauty nor desirableness, pride nor grace; yet neither asking for pity; not, as ruins are, useless and pitiful, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days; but useful still, going through its own daily work—as some old fisherman beaten gray by storm, yet drawing his daily nets: so it stands, with no complaint about its past youth, in blanchéd and meagre massiveness and serviceableness, gathering human souls together underneath it; the sound of its bells for prayer still rolling through its rents, and the gray peak of it seen far across the sea, principal of the three that rise above the waste of surly sand and hillockéd shore—the light-house for life, and the belfry for labor, and this for patience and praise. — *Ruskin's Modern Painters*, vol. iv.

From Household Words.

A TALE OF A POCKET ARCHIPELAGO.

OPPOSITE Paimpol, on the coast of Brittany, is a little cluster of islands, known by the ambitious name of the Archipelago of Brehat. It is quite a pocket archipelago. The whole number of the inhabitants is not above fifteen hundred; but (as is natural, it seems, to insular people) this diminutive nation is famous for pride and exclusiveness. The man of Brehat will not admit that he is a Frenchman, or even a Breton—he is a man of Brehat. High and low—for there are such distinctions even there—not only think themselves superior to all the rest of the world, but look upon strangers with dislike and contempt. The women carry this prejudice so far that if an unlucky being of their sex accidentally come over from the continent to seek employment, every back is turned upon her, and there is not a single word of greeting. She is soon compelled to go and seek a livelihood elsewhere. The men are more cosmopolitan, for they are all sailors, almost from infancy. But however far they may go in their voyages, they always return to seek a wife on their native soil; and when old age compels them to settle down, they return to their national bigotry and exclusiveness.

The Archipelago of Brehat is composed of one large island or rather two joined together by a causeway, constructed by Vauban, and a number of islets and rocks, now completely uninhabited, but formerly covered with buildings of various kinds, fortresses or monasteries—it is not certain which. When I first saw Brehat, it was from the rocks above Paimpol. The great ocean-tide was coming in, accelerated by a violent wind, and seemed to threaten to bury the pocket archipelago in its vast foaming waves. There was nothing in the reputation of the place, to induce me to visit it; and I should have been content with this distant view, had it not been for the peculiar circumstances which I am now about to relate.

I had just arrived—wandering through Brittany without any special object—from Saint Brieuc, in the coupé of a diligence, or, rather, in what was called the coupé of what was called the diligence. It was a sort of miserable omnibus, with two aristocratic seats in front, divided off by a ragged leathern curtain. Peasants and their wives, with

children, dogs, and fowls, occupied the hinder compartment. I had secured one of the places in front; the other was occupied by a good-looking, bright-eyed young man, whose dress and demeanor at once pointed him out as an officer in some stout merchant ship. From his conversation I learned that he belonged to that part of the world. On the other hand, he seemed far from inclined to be communicative about his own affairs; and when we leaped to the ground, in front of the Hotel de Rennes, he gave me a hearty shake of the hand, a farewell nod, and disappeared, without any intimation that it was likely we should meet again.

My walk along the coast took place on the morrow; and after having admired a scene which is always admirable—the coming in of the Atlantic tide against a rocky shore protected by outlying islands—I had begun to think that my presence was no longer absolutely required in that part of the world, and that I might as well go back over the hills to Saint Brieuc. It was in this mood of mind that I saw coming towards me, walking with an uncertain step, my travelling companion of the previous day. I at first thought that he was doing as I was, namely, admiring the prospect; but it soon appeared, from his awkward and confused manner, not only that he was no student of the picturesque, but that he was working up his courage to speak to me on a point which interested him personally. The salutation was more cordial on my side than on his. We talked a little, of course, about the prospect, and about the weather; and then he said, quite timidly,

“Have you no intention of visiting our Archipelago of Brehat?”

“None in the world,” I was about to reply, but the word “our” struck me. “You are then from Brehat?” I inquired, answering the question by another.

He seemed glad of the opportunity to tell his story, being evidently in a different mood from that in which I had previously seen him. We sat down on a wall belonging to a ruined cottage, with our faces to the wind; which sometimes compelled us to be watchful lest our hats should be blown away, and brought the taste of salt to our lips.

“Yes,” said the young man. “I am from Brehat; a wild country for strangers, though worth visiting for a day, but to all

those born upon it as dear as if it were one of the sunny isles of Greece. You must go and see for yourself, however, what kind of place it is. I shall try to tempt you, for I have a selfish interest to satisfy. It is now exactly a year since I left it. I went to Nantes, and joined my ship, bound to Trebisonde, in the Black Sea. We have traded ever since in the Mediterranean — a fine piece of water. Have you ever been there?"

I replied that I had; but added, smiling, that this was a very meagre outline of a story. He admitted that it was. After all, he had nothing particular, he said, to tell. The fact was, "he loved somebody," a very plain, simple, and common fact, quite uninteresting to a stranger. But, who was this somebody? Madeleine. A very definite description! To him, however, the name had prodigious significance. It meant — as I found when he gradually warmed into confession — the first meeting on the dancing-ground on Sunday evening near the beach when he returned after his first voyage, begun when almost a boy — a desolate orphan — and concluded when quite a man; it meant the admiration and love which had flashed through his frame when he first beheld her coming along beneath some stunted trees amidst her comrades in age, who seemed born only to be her attendants; it meant that whole bewildering evening in which, despite all rules of propriety, he danced only with her, gazed only at her, thought only of her, attended only on her, and disregarded all the anger, and the jealousy, and the chatterings, and the sneers of damsels who thought themselves at least equally entitled to homage from the young and handsome sailor. "For I am rather good-looking to a woman's eye," said our young friend, naively passing his fingers through his hair. I laughingly assented, and listened with attention, when, after this explosion of feminine or half-civilized vanity, he went on to relate how Madeleine was the daughter of the richest proprietor on the island, and how her father had promised her in marriage to an old retired admiral, whom fancy had led to establish himself during the latter years of his life at Brehat.

"I was not the man to let this sacrifice take place with the sneaking complacency of your town's-folk," said the sailor (who, by the way, told me that his name was Cornic).

I went and asked Madeleine's hand, and was of course refused, because my wealth was not sufficient. I objected that wealth was a thing to be got, and that a man who had all his limbs and a strong will to command them, with the hope of Madeleine in the future, was capable of doing wonders. The old man said something about the sacredness of his promise to the admiral; but, as he had resolved not to let his daughter be married for a couple of years, intimated that if I could make a good offer within that time, why, he would take the matter into consideration. So I set off on my voyage to Trebisonde; not, you may be sure, without having had some private talk with Madeleine, and obtaining from her a promise that she would never marry the admiral until I gave up all claim to her hand. For, as you may imagine, my dear sir, Madeleine did not hesitate a moment between me and the crusty old sea-wolf who had cast his eyes on her, and whose mode of courtship was to watch her through a telescope from his window as she went in and out of her house or wandered towards the fields. I am quite sure she will keep her promise; still, woman's nature is weak. I have heard no news from Brehat since I left; and now that I am so near, I am afraid to go over. I have tried to learn in Paimpol some news of the doings in the island; but nobody knows anything of them. It is true that a wicked old woman has told me that Madeleine Bosc was married to M. Renard a week or two ago; but this must be a falsehood. Neither she nor her father would dare to deceive me so. I am terrible, sir, when I am angry. There is no knowing what I might do. We are not Bretons at Brehat. We come from the south. We are Basques or Spaniards. You know how those people treat the mistress who has betrayed them, and the man who is her accomplice."

Young Cornic had risen, and was walking rapidly to and fro along the edge of the rock, making threatening gesticulations towards the far-out island of Brehat. I now understood that he wanted me, having confidence — I know not for what reason — in my discretion and willingness to oblige, to go over to Brehat and ascertain the truth of the report which had agitated him. He feared that if he went himself, he might be driven to commit some crime. As my journey had no

particular goal, it was not a very great sacrifice on my part to consent. I took his instructions, promised to return on the morrow, went with him to Paimpol, hired a bark, and, the weather having become quite fine, in a few hours reached Brehat.

A wall of crumbling granite encircles the principal island, and allows nothing to be seen from the sea but the summits of numerous small hills, always crowned with rocks. As you advance inland, however, the country becomes more pleasing. In few parts of France, indeed, is the soil more industriously made use of. The fields extend to the very base of the rocks, and are covered with a rich vegetation. Between them run narrow pathways, quite sufficient for the use of a district which contains not a single cart nor even a single horse. There are a good many cows; and carriage is performed by means of asses. Hamlets, composed of neat and clean houses, and with names ending in "ker" and "ec" are scattered here and there. The most considerable is called Le Bourg: and it was towards this, that I directed my steps from the landing-place.

There was of course no hotel or respectable inn of any kind, but I managed to obtain hospitality in a cabaret, where I saw some sailors drinking. The hostess was a surly old lady who looked at me askance as I consumed an early dinner, for which I had promised to pay well. She could not make out what I wanted at Bourg; but did not choose to indulge in any inquiries. I was obliged to begin the conversation myself, and soon found that without plump questioning I should never reach the point I aimed at. I had asked who were the principal inhabitants of the island? I had been asked in return, what I wanted to know for? At length, I boldly mentioned the name of M. Bosc, and succeeded in learning that he had gone to France, perhaps to Paris.

"And Madeleine," said I—

The old lady came and stood full before me and looked, with something like fury, in my countenance.

"What business had I," she at length asked, "to speak of the bride of Kerwareva?"

These words at once told me that poor Cornic's fate was, in reality, decided. I remained silent, and the hostess, thinking that she had sufficiently rebuked me, went away

to attend to her domestic duties. But, it seems that her mind continued to work upon the thoughts I had suggested. She came back to me with a gentler expression of countenance, sat down near me, and said,

"What curiosity can a stranger have about the bride of Kerwareva?"

I replied that I did not know what she meant; that I had once heard that M. Bosc had a pretty daughter; and that I asked about her, simply because I had nothing else to ask about.

"In that case," replied she, "take my advice and do not speak of her to any one else in this island. The friends of M. Bosc are numerous and quarrelsome. I have no time to tell you her story now, but I will say something about it this evening, before you go to bed. If you wish to see her," she added, lowering her voice, "take a brisk walk towards the northern point of our island, pass Kerwareva, just look at the pretty little house you will see built there, and manage to reach the Peacock's Hollow at the time of low tide. Approach it softly; and, if you respect sorrow, do not speak to what you see."

So saying, the hostess—in whom insular exclusiveness had thus yielded to female garrulity—bustled away to attend to some new customer, and I started in the direction she had pointed out. I soon reached Vauban's Causeway, and, having passed a hamlet that immediately succeeds it, entered upon a country totally different in character from that which I have described. Everything wore a wilder and more savage aspect. Rocks more frequently broke through the soil, and rose to a greater height, in strange forms. The vegetation was evidently less active. Heath and brushwood stretched in great masses here and there. The few houses were of a different character, lower and more primitive. Kerwareva, which I soon reached, was composed of mere huts, built of loose stone, and thatched with turf. But, a little way from it, amidst some rocks, rose, as I had been led to expect, an elegant little house, that looked as much out of place there, as a London villa in the midst of the Libyan desert. The shutters were closed, and it did not at first seem to be inhabited; but, as I passed near it, I saw a very respectable-looking man—no doubt the Admiral—sitting in the doorway, in an attitude of

despondency, but looking with intent eagerness towards the north. Although curious to scan the countenance of another of the actors in the sad story, I refrained from approaching; and continued my walk towards the Peacock's Hollow.

As soon as I had passed the last houses of the village, all traces of human presence disappeared. I entered a realm of rock, earth, air, and water, intermingled. First, came a desert heath, sinking here and there into a salt-marsh; then an inclined plain of meagre turf; then two enormous blocks of granite, rising up like the fragmentary walls of a ruined tower of gigantic magnitude. I looked round for the form I expected to see. All was silent, save when the thousand murmurs of the waves on every side were borne along by a gust of wind. I advanced slowly between the seeming walls, meeting with no obstacle but some huge stones, rounded by the continual action of the water, which at present, however, was far beneath. Soon a kind of subterranean roar warned me to be cautious; and presently I saw a vast abyss open before me, descending to invisible depths, and widening towards the beach below, where the water at its lowest ebb was playing in the light of the sun, now far down towards the horizon. Across the centre of the gulf lay a huge block of stone, like a bridge, which, as I afterwards learned, is ever lifted up by the high tide as it rushes in, and ever falls back into its old place as solid and firm as ever.

It was easy to see that it was impossible to approach the Peacock's Hollow except by the way I had come. The huge rocks inclining inward, rose far overhead; not even a goat could have moved along their surface. I began to fear some catastrophe, but, on looking back, suddenly saw a light graceful figure, clothed in white, advancing by the way I had come. I made myself small against the rock to let it pass. There was no doubt in my mind that this was Madeleine, the bride of Kerwareva. She passed fearlessly by me and drew near the edge of the gulf. I retired a little, but gazed anxiously at her. She took up a pebble, and, having murmured some words that resembled an incantation, cast it below. Then she listened for awhile, clapped her hands joyously, exclaimed: "This year—this year!" and came running back with the lightness of a

fawn. I again allowed her to pass: and, having no further curiosity to satisfy at the Peacock's Hollow, slowly retraced my steps.

On reaching the heath that precedes Kerwareva, I was surprised to see Madeleine crouching down near the path, and seeming to watch eagerly for my coming. I affected to pass by without seeing her, but she ran towards me and took hold of my sleeve, smiling in a deprecating manner, as if she feared I might be offended. Let me admit that my lip quivered, and my eyes grew dim. I did not need the revelations of mine hostess of Le Bourg to explain these unequivocal signs. The poor thing had evidently lost her reason. Though what she now said, appeared at first plain and sensible enough.

"You are the first stranger I have met at that false foolish place," said she, "and, although I would not notice you then, my heart shrank as if you might be the bearer of evil news. You seemed to look at me, and not to care about the curiosities of our island. This is not proper in a stranger, but if you are a messenger the case is quite different. We can talk together here—and if you stoop down, the admiral will not be able to see us with his telescope."

I did not know what to say. It was quite evident that an impassable barrier had now been raised between Cornic and Madeleine. To speak of his presence on the mainland would be sheer cruelty.

"What is the reason you threw the pebble into the gulf, my child?" said I, evading the subject she wished to talk of.

"I am not your child," she replied haughtily. "I am the child of M. Bosc, the richest man on this island, which is the reason why they all want to marry me—all the old admirals, I mean. But, my heart is sealed up, and he who can open it is far away. He will come back, for the pebble speaks truth. All the young girls of Brehat try that experiment; but those that sigh for *him* come away disappointed—looking red and foolish. The pebbles they throw do not go straight down, but tinkle, tinkle against the rock—one tinkle for every year of maidenhood. Mine only makes no noise, so that, of course, Cornic must come back soon. For, how else am I to be married to him?"

I tried to proceed, but she stood in my path.

"All is wrong here," touching her fore-

head. "I won't deceive you; but I am not so mad as not to see you come from Cornic. Why, if you did not know all about my story and pity me, you would be quite frightened! But you only look grave and puzzled. Ha! perhaps you are one of those who say he went down to the bottom of the sea. But this is nonsense. I must be married to him within the year; and drowned men don't marry. Hush! let us talk of something else; here is my husband!"

I had little time to notice the contradiction of the latter part of this speech; for, the old Admiral, who had approached over the low country, now came close upon us. He walked slowly, as if not to interrupt our colloquy rudely; but evidently was surprised. I looked at him apologetically, and he bowed.

"Madeleine," said he very gently and affectionately, "the air is getting cold as the evening comes on. You know that your father bade me be careful about your health."

She smiled quite kindly at her old husband; and took his arm with a demure look. I went away after exchanging salutes and glances of intelligence with him; and did not turn back for some time. I then saw this strange couple walking sedately towards the little house among the rocks.

"What a sad story I shall have to tell to poor Cornic!" thought I.

The hostess at Le Bourg had very little to add to what I had learned; but, as I kept the secret of my interview with Madeleine to myself, I had to endure a long and confused narrative. The news of Cornic's death had been brought — probably invented — purposely. Then, Madeleine had been over-persuaded by her father to marry the Admiral. What were the precise means used to influence her were not known; but on leaving the church she escaped from the company, and was found, some hours afterwards, throwing pebbles into the Peacock's Hollow, and exclaiming that she was to be married within the year. This happened but a few months after Cornic's departure, which makes it reasonable to suppose that the young man was deluded to go away, simply that the marriage might take place without

opposition. From that time forward, Madeleine never perfectly recovered her reason, though she lived on good terms with the Admiral, who treated her rather as his daughter than his wife. He had often been heard bitterly to regret having been the cause of so much misfortune. He built the little cottage at Kerwareva, in order that his poor wife might indulge her innocent fancy without being obliged every day to take a fatiguing walk. He watched over her with tenderness, and the influence of his character was sufficient to prevent her from being disturbed in her wanderings.

"My belief is," quoth the hostess, yawning, towards the end of her story, "that Cornic will some day come back, which will be very unfortunate. If Madeleine sees him, something dreadful will happen. Should you meet a sailor of that name in your travels, tell him to keep away from Brehat."

Next day I returned to Paimpol. The first person I met was Cornic. He was watching for me. I held down my head.

"Tell me all about it," he said, with manly firmness. "I think I shall be able to bear it."

He little expected what he was to hear: and shed some bitter tears in the little room of the Hotel de Rennes. Once, he was on the point of hastening over to Brehat, and presenting himself before Madeleine.

"She may regain her reason on beholding me," he exclaimed.

"To what purpose?" I inquired.

"You are right," he replied. "I will return to my ship at Marseilles."

This was the best he could do under the circumstances. I accompanied him back to St. Brieuc, and then we parted. He looked very miserable and agitated; and I was not quite sure of him. But he was a fine fellow, and kept his promise; and here, artistically speaking, this story ought to have an end. Life, however, is a complicated and extraordinary affair, and I am obliged to add, that when, a year or two afterwards, the Admiral died, Cornic went to Brehat. His presence produced a magical effect, I suppose; but this I know — that the young widow did actually recover her reason, and was actually married to him, after all.

From The Spectator.

SMYRNA AND ITS BRITISH HOSPITAL.*

TIME and much repetition have somewhat dulled the interest attaching to the harrowing tales of our military hospitals. The narrative of a "Lady Volunteer" at Scutari has removed the first freshness from the account of the behavior of common soldiers brought into contact with ladies under circumstances that test men's behavior. Nevertheless, this book, describing the experience of a lady nurse at the Smyrna Hospital, may be read for the information it furnishes and the interest of its sketches. The greatness of the operations at Constantinople, the site of the hospitals, and the populous swarms of a capital, confined the Scutari nurses pretty much to themselves. At Smyrna things were different. The ladies established social intimacies with the native and foreign inhabitants of the city, and became known as it were to the people at large. Possibly the descriptions of manners at Smyrna, when the diminution of the sick allowed the ladies to visit in Smyrna, might have been spared, so as to have limited the narrative to the observations at the hospital; but this will depend upon the reader's acquaintance with Oriental books of travel.

The nurses did not begin to act till towards the latter end of March 1855; so that they had not at Smyrna the same difficulties to contend with as were encountered at Constantinople, nor were the "cases" so bad in a medical point of view, though they had their share of frost-bites. Either the men at Smyrna had not so much of chivalry and poetical feeling among them (though some wrote verses), as the patients at Scutari, or the "Highland lassie" who records her experience at Smyrna looked at matters with an eye more real and less sentimental than the Lady Volunteer. There was the same difficulty with the hired nurses as at Constantinople: the "equality" idea of the projectors in England did not answer; very few of the women would do house-work—they came out to be nurses; some misconducted themselves; which at first appears to have led to levity on the part of the soldiers. The ladylike influence of the volunteer nurses soon exhibited its power; and the natural good feeling of the men displayed itself actively, as

well as in merely avoiding offensive behavior. The inference we draw from the narrative, but rather from its spirit than any particular facts, is strongly in favor of a military instead of a civil hospital for soldiers. In the civil hospitals the rules and regulations may be as strict, and devised to answer the same objects, but the spirit of authority and discipline is not so prominent or pervading.

The great use of the lady nurses, as we observed in noticing the *Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses*, seems to lie in their moral influence, their delicate feminine perception, and the effects of refinement in procuring and administering tinctives. All this, however, must be limited to large depots; it is impossible in the field or extemporized hospitals in the rear of an army. Perhaps it is not unmixt good even in a depot hospital, tending to a system of petting and "making too much of." This is half admitted.

"Besides the rules I have given, there was another occupation which the doctors used so say we undertook with great delight, and always called the 'petting-process.' This was when a poor fellow, either recovering from fever or having been long invalided, from whatever cause, appeared utterly to loathe and reject the ordinary hospital diet-roll food. Then the doctors would say to us, 'This or that man may have such things prepared for him in any way you please, so that you can tempt him to eat.' Sometimes it was, 'You may give this or that man anything you please that he will take': and it was curious to see how often a small pudding made in a cup, though of exactly the same ingredients as those made in the kitchen, with perhaps the addition of a slight flavor of nutmeg, lemon, or cinnamon, was eaten with avidity by a poor man whose stomach utterly rejected the daily square *tinful* of pudding which fell to his share: not that these puddings were not very good, but the men were often reduced to such a state of weakness that their appearance and consistence created in them an utter nausea. Dr. Meyer had a great objection to the ladies making 'pets' of particular men; and indeed I am sure it would have had a very bad effect, for I saw in the most trifling matters they were particularly jealous if one received the smallest attention which the other did not. I do not think the system was at all pursued by any of us; though of course some cases necessarily demanded much more care and attention than others; and in such emergencies the others showed no

* *Ismeer; or Smyrna and its British Hospital in 1855.* By a Lady. Published by Madden.

feeling of the kind, but would generally endeavor to contribute to each other's comforts, even at some self-sacrifice: and I do not think the feelings of envy and jealousy existed then at all. For instance, I must plead guilty to having given perhaps more than his share of my attention to poor D—, whom I have previously mentioned as having made such a wonderful recovery from fever: I have heard them say to each other as I came into the ward, 'Ah! here comes Miss —; Jim won't be long without something good now': but this was said without the slightest bad feeling."

That the moral effect of the presence of ladies would be considerable, is likely from the results produced even by a well-conducted soldier.

"The influence that one superior well-principled man had over the others was astonishing. Such a person gave quite a tone to the ward in which he lived. It was remarkable in the case of S—, almost a boy, of the Ninetieth; his conduct and conversation had great effect on all the rest, who were much his seniors. He seemed to have been well brought up, and very fond of reading the Bible. Being far from strong though convalescent, he was kept somewhat longer than he otherwise would have been in hospital, as librarian or chaplain's orderly, a post which he filled to Mr. W.'s satisfaction. But at last he was sent to the camp, and reached it in time to be present at the taking of the Redan; from which sad scene he was mercifully permitted to escape unhurt."

Here is its opposite—the influence of a bad man; which badness, however, the writer attributes to the coarse indifference of superiors, while she shows how the roughest yield to the soft answer "that turneth away wrath."

"If it was true that the example of a good man had great power, it was no less true that the presence of a bad one also produced its effect. I am pleased to have to say, however, that in my experience I found few such; and I most sincerely believe, that if, instead of the roughness and swearing too often used to them by their superiors, they were spoken to kindly and quietly, we should have a very different style of soldiery. They seem too often to be spoken to like brutes, and they like brutes obey—not with the understanding and willing obedience of which I believe them quite capable, if managed with kindness. I confess, that while I personally found them much alive to any

delicate or kind feeling displayed towards them, they were quite ready to be impertinent and restive at any appearance of harshness.

"I had in one of my wards an Irishman, C—, rather a mauvais sujet, and used to have frequent complaints made to me of his rudeness and quarrelsome disposition.

"One day, while sitting in my 'den,' I heard C— outside, talking and constantly making use of violent language and oaths. I got up, saying, 'I must tell C— to be quiet.'

"'You had better not,' said a lady, sitting by. 'You will only be answered insolently.'

"I went, however, and said, very quietly, 'C—, I am sorry to hear you speak in that manner. You are the only man in the division I have ever heard swear, and I hope you will not do it again.'

"'Well, mem, I'm sure I would n't do nothing to offend you, for ye're a rale leddy, and a very well-natured leddy too, and I ax yer pardon; but I raly did n't know ye was in there, or I would n't have done it.'

"It ought not to make any difference to you, C—, whether I was there or not; it is equally bad.'

"Thru, for ye, mem—; but faith, it's very difficult for a soldier to give up the habit of swearing, he's so used to it: but I'll thry.'

"A very short time afterwards, I heard a sound of loud voices down the corridor, and went out to restore peace. I found C— had been at some of his malpractices, which had provoked the second lady of my division to scold him rather sharply. He had retorted in no measured language; and I came up just in time to hear him say, 'Report me, then, if ye like, and go to the devil!'

"So it was evident, that whatever style suits them best from their commanding officers, our only chance of securing obedience was by using mild persuasion. But they really were most obedient when we were present; and we thought it, perhaps, wise, frequently to ignore certain little derelictions which went on in our absence."

Much more might be quoted indicative of the docility, kind-heartedness, and willingness of the generality of the men, and of the beneficial effect which discipline has in improving the intelligence and producing habits of order and regularity. There are some interesting particulars of their amusements and tastes in reading, as well as anecdotes of their volunteer employment and their ingenuity in rug and other manufactures. There are also interesting indications respecting the

character and conduct of the Turkish people, which exhibit them in a superior light. The Government at head-quarters may be effete and corrupt, the subordinate authorities tyrannical and ignorant; but the people are generally described as sound at the core—hospitable, charitable, honest, and almost hearty. This is our fair writer's account of them:

"These poor Turks were always so kind and polite to us. Never—although proceeding against all their ideas of propriety, by taking hold of a gentleman's arm—have they shown anything but courtesy and civility, frequently crossing the road to present us with bouquets of flowers, or some fruit, a portion of what they were carrying into Smyrna from the interior on their donkeys. Once, in the bazaar, a Greek boy said something insulting to a lady of our party—at least, it was supposed to be so, though not understood—when a Turk, standing by, seized the boy, beat him soundly, and then admonished him and sent him away.

"At first, the Turks followed their usual habit, and avoided looking at us as they passed. There was one boatman, whom we occasionally employed, who used, in rowing, to turn his back on us as much as he could; but, latterly, they all got so accustomed to our presence and sang froid, that they evidently looked on us as a separate class of beings from their own women, and were always most deferential and respectful, and did not seem to think it at all a breach of etiquette to talk to, guide, or render us any service they could.

"We were not very sure of the Greeks, and felt rather strange in any other quarter of the town than our own; but the moment we reached the Turkish quarter, we had a sense of protection and an at-home feeling, which was very pleasant. The women, too, evidently liked us. Many a time have we been stopped in the street, to have our hand shaken and 'Bono Inglese' said to us, with kind looks. The children used to run after us, also saying 'Bono Inglese'; and a very favorite speech with them all was, 'Inglese bono, Française bono, Turko bono, Mosco no bono.' Then followed a hearty pat on the back, a laugh, and shake of the hands. I always felt perfectly safe when with the Turks."

The opening of the narrative is full of instances of bad official management, and a shabbiness of the penny-wise pound-foolish order. No system seems to have been pursued; not even a plan formed. When the nurses arrived at Smyrna, nothing was ready; no place even was prepared for them. But for individual kindness they might have stood in the street all night, as they had to do for some time in the pouring rain. It is true that a band of nurses like this was a novelty; but it is equally true that somebody in authority must have given notice of their coming, and orders that they should be allowed to go on duty. It only required thought and an additional sentence to have had their reception cared for.

WHERE TO GET UNADULTERATED FOOD.—From the bakery we passed to the kitchen, where the floor was like a newly cleaned bird-cage, with its layer of fresh sand that crunched, as garden-walks are wont to do, beneath the feet. Here was a strong odor of the steaming cocoa that one of the assistant-cooks (a prisoner) was busy serving, out of huge bright coppers, into large tin pails, like milk-cans. The master-cook was in the ordinary white jacket and cap, and the assistants had white aprons over their brown convict trousers, so that it would have been hard to have told that any were prisoners there. The allowance for breakfast "is ten ounces of bread," said the master-cook to us, "and three-quarters of a pint of cocoa, made with three-quarters of an ounce of the solid flake, and flavoured with two ounces of pure milk and six drachms of molasses. Please to taste a little of the cocoa, sir. It's such as you'd find it difficult to get outside, I can assure you; for the

berries are ground on the premises by the steam-engine and we can vouch for its being perfectly pure." It struck us as strange evidence of the "civilization" of our time, that a person must—in these days of "lie-tea," and chicory-mocha, and alumed bread, and brain-thickened milk, and watered butter—really go to prison to live upon unadulterated food. The best porter we ever drank was at a parish union—for the British pauper alone can enjoy the decoction of veritable malt and hops; and certainly the most genuine cocoa we ever sipped was at this same Model Prison; for not only was it made of the unsophisticated berries, but with the very purest water, too—water, not of the slushy Thames, but which had been raised from an artesian-well several hundred feet below the surface, expressly for the use of these same convicts.—*Pentonville Prison in Mayhew's Great World of London.*

From The Athenæum.

The House by the Sea: a Poem. By Thomas Buchanan Read. Philadelphia, Parry & M'Millan; London, Trübner & Co.

"THE House by Sea" is a weird poem, by a young American poet. A rich imagination and a cultivated sense of the proprieties of Art distinguish this fresh claimant for poetic honors.

The plot of "The House by the Sea" is cleverly involved, and well worked out; the characters are dramatic and distinct; and the general effect of the whole is broad and harmonious. Having had before occasion to notice Mr. Read as a poet of promise, we are the more pleased to announce his progress and success. He has not, however, this time chosen a national subject, but wanders into Coleridgian regions of a "Christabel" and "Ancient Mariner" character. A minute observer might also detect traces of Longfellow's "Golden Legend," and an influence from that extraordinary genius, Edgar Poe.

The story—original in spite of these reflexes—is this, and well deserves the character which the poet himself gives it:

"He told a tale as wild as sad;
And they who listened deemed it mad—
Mad as the delirious dream
Of one who, on an Indian stream
Floating in a Morphean bark,
Feeds on the charmed lotus leaf—
While under the palms, in visions brief,
Through shadows of sunset, golden-dark,
The camels and camelopards stand
With plumed tribes on the yellow stand,
To gaze with steadfast, wondering eyes
Where the feeding dreamer floating lies."

The scene opens with a fisherman's child, who is seen at dawn carrying a pail through a meadow, and singing—

"As if her soul would pass
Into the air, and o'erake that bird
Which sang in the sky less seen than heard."

This child attracts the attention of a gloomy and mysterious lord, dwelling in a castle on the cliffs:—a mysterious being, haunted by care, which follows him like a creditor, while he

"—stands, like a Persian priest,
Gazing forever into the east,
And bow his head before the sun,
The symbol of a mightier One."

Roland—for this is the being's name—falls in love with the fair fisherwoman as she grows older, but is haunted by the spirit of a suicide mistress, who reminds us of Thalaba's

Oneiza. Soon afterwards the spirit returns in the shape of a beautiful maiden, cast on shore by a shipwreck, and the fisherman's daughter goes mad at his neglect,—as beautiful fisherwomen naturally do when forsaken by proud barons for beautiful princesses. Eventually, after a long cruise in a fairy bark, the fisherwoman at last throws herself into the sea, and Roland leaps in and saves her; and the magic bark flies off to windward in a puff of flame, while the spirit turns into a heap of sand. Ida recovers her senses, and marries the mysterious being.

The poem, in spite of some absurdities, has great beauties, and displays power of invention and description.

How beautiful is the reconciliation scene, with the chiming burden like marriage bells—
"Thou art mine, and I am thine!"

"And the listening shadows cool and gray,
In the gallery, like a responding choir,
Where the organ glowed like an altar-fire,
Seemed to the echoing vault to say,
Softly as at a nuptial shrine—
'Thou art mine! and I am thine!'"

"And still through the breathless moments
after,

Like doves beneath the sheltering rafter,
Along the roof in faint decline,
The echoes whispered with voices fine—
'Mine and thine! mine and thine!'"

"And now, like a golden trumpet, blown
To make a glorious victory known,
The organ with its roll divine,
Poured abroad from its thrilling tongue
Words the sweetest ever sung—
'Mine and thine! mine and thine!'"

"And up in the tower the iron bell
Suddenly felt the joyous spell,
And flung its accents clear and gay,
As if it were rung on a wedding-day;
And like a singer swaying his head
To mark the time
Of some happy rhyme,
Breathing his heart in every line,
Thus swayed the bell, and swaying said—
'Mine and thine! mine and thine!'"

Many of Mr. Read's detached similes are beautiful.

"In the purple sky, an hour too soon,
Like a wedding-bark await
At a Venetian palace-gate,
Floated the empty, crescent moon,
Moored at a crimson cloud,—a barge of state
In the sunset's broad lagoon."

Again:

"Out of the east the moon arose
Red as Mont Blanc at morning glows;
Over the sea, like a ship on fire,
She sailed with her one star sailing by her."

About flowers he has delicate fancies, as—

“Where the violets out from the green hedges
stole,

Unnoticed to shine,
The poppy is waving its fiery bowl,
A bowl of red wine.”

“These goblets of crimson, these beakers of
sleep,

Each a chalice of flame.”

And—

“Once I knew where to find the most beautiful
blooms

When the year was at noon,
Those delicate spirits called out of their tombs
By the trumpet of June.”

The writer, like most modern poets, touches
on nearly all the sciences, and draws his
images promiscuously from geology and op-
tics. The following is a strain of metaphysical
fancy :

“Here clinging we are daily cast
Into the future, out of the past,—
Through the sunshine into the night,—
Through the darkness into the light.
Thus we whirl in the noiseless stream,
And the sky glides over us like a dream,
Full of stars and mystery
And prophecy of things to be.

“This very moment we hold a place
Never filled before in space—
Where never again the world shall reel—
The same wave never re-visits the wheel.
Year by year our course is run
In a voyage around the sun;
In million circings forth and back
We never retrace a once-gone track.
Did the countless earths abroad, like snails,
Leave behind them shining trails,
What a web of strange design
Through the eternal space would shine !
And such a web of marvellous lines
Left by each satellite and sun,
Though by us unseen, still clearly shines
To the observant eye of One.

“And did the countless souls of men
Leave life-trails visible to the ken,
Each hued with color to betray
The character which passed that way,
How intricate and variously hued
Would seem the woof of pathways rude
Across the world’s great surface laid !
And so inwoven with lines of shade,
Of vice and cruelty, anger and hate,
That darkness would preponderate !
And such a woof of tangled trails
Lies o’er the world and never pales—
Never varies. On earth’s great page
Each soul records its pilgrimage,
And under the eye of God each shines
As visible in eternal lines,
As on the cliff I see from here
The various strata lines appear.”

The charm of this fairy story is, that it

blends modern life with the supernatural.
How fresh and natural is the tough sailor
who steers the phantom bark, and who ap-
pears after the storm shouldering a way
through the crowd, still holding a bit of the
helm in his hand, — type of fidelity.

“A withered sailor, wrinkled and tanned,
Holding a piece of a helm in his hand,
And twitching his waistband with swaggering
air,

Cried, ‘Avast there, my hearty !
While I’m of your party,
You ’ll scarcely be wanting these land-lubbers
there !

O ho ! I’ll be bound
That you thought I was drowned,
Because I plunged overboard into the dark !
But with this stout piece of helm
What sea could o’erwhelm
A sailor who fears neither billow nor shark?—
Who on a fragment of wreck
Sits as safe as on deck,
And brings it to shore like a well-guided
bark ?”

Occasionally the poet lifts his voice, and he
displays a power which surprises by its in-
tensity. Take several instances :

“It lay where the gust with blinding flight
Strove to hide the thing from sight,
Like a maniac murderer, to and fro
Raving and flinging the scattering snow
Over the victim that mocks his despair
With its unveiled face and tell-tale stare !”

“Climbing a track
As crooked as that on the tempest’s wrack,
Where the armed Thunder in his ire
Descends in a zigzag path of fire !”

“The sun and the moon and those silver barks,
Those soul-freighted celestial arks,
The starry fleets of the shoreless night,
Were the only things that surpassed, our
flight !”

“The sea, to one of its slumberous calms,
Now sunk as it never would waken more :
Its breakers were only as flocks of lambs
Bleating and gambolling along the shore,
Where of late the storm-lion insane
Had shaken abroad his tumultuous mane,
Frightening the land with his rage and his
roar.”

“Still humming a scrap of maniac tune,
The maiden stood, like frenzied May,
At the close of her last sweet day
Casting all her blossoms away
Into the burning lap of June !
Stripping herself of every flower,
She shed them all, a fiery shower,
Over the lady, till she was as bright
As a statue decked with lamps at night.”

We may congratulate America on the ad-
vent of another poet destined to share the
laurels of Longfellow and Bryant.

From The Economist.

The Russian Account of the Battle of Inkermann. From the German. John Murray.

THIS narrative, a portion of which was some time since published in the *Times*, is a wonderfully interesting and on the whole candid account, by the Russians of their own defeat at that great battle, which virtually decided the fate of that campaign. It is true that they exaggerate our numbers and diminish their own, but that is the only material inaccuracy we can perceive. The conclusion to be drawn is that the *plan* of the attack was most masterly; and that, but for two mistakes in the execution of it, nothing short of a miracle could have saved the Allied Armies from destruction. The Russian soldiers fought splendidly, and any other troops but the British would have given way when so fearfully outnumbered and outflanked. Soimonoff mistook his way in the mist, and, instead of coming up on the flank of the British, made his appearance in their front where the ground did not admit of more combatants being brought into play. Gortschakoff, whose business was to have kept the French occupied by a feint attack, did his work so clumsily that Bosquet saw at once that it was a feint, and went off to help his allies at the moment of their utmost need. The following is the summary of the Muscovite narrative:

"What was it then that prevented the complete success of the Russian attack? *The bravery and steadiness of the English?* This unquestionably deserves to be recorded; it was remarkable, and the British soldier fought in a manner worthy of his most glorious days. Yet the Russians did not fight less bravely, and bravery alone decides nothing. *Was it the superiority of the English arms,* the use of the Minié rifle, that 'queen of weapons' as the English call it? No doubt the effect of this was important, inasmuch as it occasioned great loss to the Russians, who were mortally struck at a distance of 1,500 paces; and, deprived of their leaders and commanders, their movements became crippled and confused. Yet the Russian sharpshooters, without Miniés, and few in number (only 96 in each regiment), with muskets that only reached their opponents at 1,000 paces, killed and wounded as many English officers and more gen-

erals. *Was it the wrong direction taken by Soimonoff with his column?* This had most damaging results, because it contracted the space for the movements of the troops, and their crowded masses presented too favorable a mark for the English fire. From this cause, as well as from Soimonoff's death, this column was soon put 'hors de combat,' and shared no more in the progress of the battle. A second disadvantageous consequence was, that, on account of the limited extent of the battle-field, the two columns could not attack *simultaneously*, but only *one after the other*. All these circumstances worked very prejudicially for the Russians; but what was really ruinous to them was the *mismanagement of the sham attacks*, at least of one of them, which did not prevent Bosquet's rendering the assistance which *decided the fate of the day*.

"What is the object of a sham attack? To detain the enemy's troops in their position, and prevent assistance being rendered to any other point. How is this result obtained? By making violent assaults upon various points, whereby the enemy is puzzled how to distinguish them from the principal one. There must be really effectual attacks, their difference from the principal one being that care is taken not to engage the troops too far, but to hold them in hand, so as to be able to withdraw them when desirable. In this sense the demonstration by General Timofejef on the French left was ably arranged and brilliantly carried out, as by his bold assault the whole force of the three divisions there was aroused and kept in anxious expectation till the afternoon. But the general commanding the troops in the Tschorgoun camp seemed to believe that a demonstration consisted in making a great stir, firing a great deal, and parading his troops about without seriously attacking any point. The '*Times*' correspondent writes thus: 'A demonstration was made by the [Russian] cavalry, artillery, and a few infantry, in the valley against Balaclava, to divert the attention of the French on the heights above, and to occupy the Highland Brigade and Marines, but only an interchange of a few harmless rounds of cannon and musketry took place, and the enemy contented themselves with drawing up their cavalry in order of battle, supported by field artillery, at the neck of the valley.' And that was all! Naturally General Bosquet, who was anxiously seeking to ascertain what was in front of him, soon became convinced that it was nothing serious, and had no hesitation in leaving only *one* brigade on this vulnerable point, and with his remaining brigades, decided the day at a point where the Russians were at a disadvantage."

From Blackwood's Magazine for June.

SPECULATIONS ON THE FUTURE. — OUR ALLIANCES.

THE war-clouds have sunk, and John Bull is settling again in his easy-chair. He has done so somewhat reluctantly. With considerable effort he had got roused and into action, — his old pugilistic skill was coming back to him, — heated with the "row," he was beginning to face about in all directions with wonderful alacrity, and was preparing to deal a good English body-blow at his antagonist, when lo! his friends caught him by the arm, and declared all was over! John could not be easily brought to see this. Game to the backbone himself, he was slow to believe that his antagonist would slip down on his knees in mid-combat, to avoid punishment; and moreover, he is so old-fashioned in his notions that he could not perceive the propriety of letting off, when caught, a disturber of the peace without exacting the smallest compensation for the damage done, or ample security against a renewal of the disturbance. Accordingly John Bull grumbled a good deal, and a momentary sight of his brawny arms as he put on his coat only made him think what little use he had made of his strength, and what a great deal he meant to do in the next round. However, all that is over now. The fireworks and candle-lighting which he regarded with sturdy contempt when announced as rejoicings for the Peace, he accepts with tolerable grace when converted into a tribute of loyalty on the birthday of his Queen. And so, the war ended, and his feelings composed again, John Bull gets into his easy-chair, and threatens to sleep.

And sleep he will. Not, perhaps, in the ordinary sense of the word; for the common herd imagine that when a man sleeps he is doing nothing, — which is a great mistake, seeing that Life is always active; and psychologists have shown that it is quite possible to carry on two different threads of existence by turns, — the alternation between trance and ordinary life being sometimes just a shutting-off from one line of ideas into another. Therefore, though it be far from us to imagine that the manifold activities of John Bull will relapse into nothingness, even though he do take to his easy-chair and smoke the pipe of peace, yet it is only to be expected that he will soon become oblivious to most things connected with the war and foreign politics, and will slide away into very opposite trains of thought and action. No nation, or ordinary mass of humanity, can carry out two opposite sets of ideas equally and simultaneously; and John Bull in this respect does not rise above the frailty of his

species. If he has to fight, he does so heartily and with all his might — though he take long to get ready; but when he takes to money-making, to buying and selling and the various pursuits of peace, it must be allowed he becomes peculiarly absorbed in his occupation, and is little disposed to look at anything beyond the limits of his farm or counting-room. He has fine instincts, which generally push him into the right course when critical times come, and he has also a dogged long-winded power of fighting which baffles the calculations of his more astute adversaries. But John Bull is in no sense *providus futuri*. Like most of his neighbors, he gets too absorbed in the affairs of the hour to keep an out-look on the future; and unlike most of his neighbors, he has the power of compelling his rulers to look at things through his own spectacles, and act as shortsightedly as himself. The despotic Powers, whom John so cordially hates, beat him hollow in such matters. Untrammelled by the requirements of party, or the prejudices of popular election, they gather around the throne the ablest men in the country, filling with them the bureaux at home and the embassies abroad; from the masterly views and information thus laid before the throne, the true objects to be aimed at in the foreign policy of the State are determined; and the Government, using the people as mere automatons to execute its will, adheres to its longsighted policy from year to year, it may be for generations. John Bull was never great in this line, and he has not been mending. He changes his leaders too often to permit of any fixed line of foreign policy being carried out; and, moreover, he is so fond of keeping his money, and so sceptical of all things future, that there is no getting him to assent to any changes which are not necessitated by the wants of the hour. In his State-policy at least, the future and the invisible have no influence upon him; and distant dangers, like ghosts — he does not believe in them! It must be confessed that, for the last thirty years or so, his leaders have been as shortsighted as he could desire. We have never steadily cultivated a friendship, or prepared for an hostility. Brother, cousin, or enemy — it was all the same with whom we were negotiating; we wrangled as fiercely, frequently more so, with a natural friend as with an inevitable rival, — and have let everything come upon us haphazard. It is no easy matter to cast a political horoscope as a guide to our foreign policy; and it is needless to expect any British Government nowadays to do so, unless it finds its efforts sympathized in and supported by the nation at large. But the task, though difficult, is

not impossible, — for the germs of the Future lie before us in the Present; and we would gladly see our countrymen bestowing more thought on foreign affairs than they are in the habit of doing. Therefore, O John Bull! though the fizz of the fireworks and shouts of reviews — the last echoes of the war — are dying away, and you have betaken yourself to your easy-chair, with the intention of smoking that yard-long pipe of peace, — amidst the ruminations which precede your coming slumber, pray give a thought or two, a parting look, to the state of things abroad, that so you may have some ready-made notions what to do when the cannon wake you up again from your industrial repose.

Europe is ever changing. Its Coalitions vary from age to age. And no one was more surprised than John Bull two years ago, to find himself in such new company, and to see all things changed on the Continent from his traditional memories of it in 1815. Such changes will continue, — Europe slowly passing from one phase into another — the grand current of National Development gradually dislocating and re-arranging the alliances of its States; until, the polarity of the Continent reversing from what it was in 1790, a succession of grand alliances will be formed against Russia and despotism, as they were then against France and revolution. Have we not already entered upon that new epoch? Entered upon it — but that is all. The war just closed was the first brief skirmish, — the first overt sign that the Powers of Europe were becoming sensible of their altered position, and (some of them) were ready to accept it. Every parallelism in national affairs has some points of difference; and though the liberties of Europe appear destined to be attacked *à l'outrance* by Russia, as they were fifty years ago by France, it would be wrong to expect that the second attack will culminate and pass away as rapidly as the first. France leapt at the sovereignty of the Continent, — Russia is growing up to it. The former does everything by sudden bounds — such is the genius of her people; the latter moves like the tortoise, — or rather with the mingled slowness, vastness, and force of the glacier.

Yes, John Bull will do well to keep an eye on the Continent. While he plods away in his manifold occupations, he should give a sharp look now and then at the sea-channel with which Providence has kindly girt him in from so many misfortunes. If he will take the dust of fifty years out of his eyes, he will see that that Channel has shrunk up considerably from its older proportions, and that, if ever we lose the command of the seas, steam-navigation will greatly increase the exposure of our shores to attack. In

truth, it will not do to judge of the future in any respect simply from the past. In this age of telegraphs and railways (with which latter even Russia is about to equip herself), coalitions of states, with all their weight of naval and military strength, can come into play with unheard-of suddenness and precision; and the ever-increasing intercommunion of nations — upon which some philanthropists build so many millennial dreams — will only suffice, in times of war, to give to belligerent alliances a vaster amplitude and a dreader force. The future of Europe, then, is not exactly a thing to doze over. We do not affect to see farther into political millstones than most people, but we shall be right glad if we can set others a-thinking or watching, — and especially if John Bull, of whose practical good sense we have a high opinion, will open his honest eyes a little, and look and judge for himself.

In the years preceding the first French Revolution — on the eve of the red deluge of war which for a quarter-century submerged Europe — men were not only marrying and giving in marriage, but in France itself an effusion of ultra-pacific ideas took place among the literary and courtly classes, as recently in the mercantile among ourselves. Mongolfier's balloon, which set all Paris a-rhapsodizing about human and scientific perfectibility, did not go up more bravely than did those utopian dreams of peace and everlasting justice, sent forth by men standing on the already smoking crust of the volcano; and Condorcet, who speculated on the possibility of an indefinite extension of human life, lived to seek a refuge in the poison-cup from the ignominy of the scaffold. A parallel phenomenon, we need hardly say, has of late years been witnessed in our own Isles. Such dreams, indeed, appear to be ever-recurrent in human history, and are generally most rife on the very eve of a fresh outburst of war. Nor is this wonderful: for it is a long continuance of tranquillity that makes men fancy that it will be eternal; and so the peace-dream goes on increasing in strength until the actual moment of the dread awakening. It is a delusion, and sometimes to nations a fatal one; and the British nation may congratulate itself that its dream of this kind has been broken so softly, and in time.

To any one who really sees Europe as it actually is at this hour, the spectacle is a sad one. To him who forgets that God rules all, from evil still evoking good, it is a hopeless one. Are we really at the close of a war, or only at the beginning of one still greater? Take up the newspapers — those Arguses, whose eyes travel to and fro on the face of the earth — and what do we read of?

First come voices of trouble from the East. Troubles in Arabia,—fifty thousand rebels at Mecca swearing that the Sultan has forsworn the Prophet; troubles in Syria—wild men at Naplouse rising because there is no one to keep them down; troubles in Bagdad, smouldering; troubles at Smyrna and other places in Anatolia, where the Charter we wrung from the Porte is only setting Turk and Christian the faster by the ears; perfect anarchy in Greece,—neither man nor goods safe beyond three miles from the coast, where French troops patrol—and the people fiercer than ever against the Ottomans, and more than ever frantic to kiss the feet of the Czar, and subject themselves to an iron despotism which is probably marked out by Providence as the sole effectual cure for Hellenic madness. So much for Turkey—which, our rulers tell us, we have rescued and made strong! Is there a single whole place in it from head to foot? But “we have checked the southward progress of Russia.” For the moment. But why those cries for help from the Caucasus—that marshalling of Chrulëff’s host—those plans now preparing in the bureaux of St. Petersburg for new forts on the east side of the Black Sea, and a navy on the Caspian?

Turkey disintegrating, and Russia adhering to her “hereditary policy,”—this is but one scene of the diorama. Take another phase of the troubles. Were there ever before so many “armies of occupation” in Europe? Austrians in the Principalities, British and French in Turkey and Greece, French and Austrians in Italy,—all most generously keeping the peace in other people’s territories—the wrong men in the right place! The sight of those various white, blue, and red coated soldiers in alien countries is a significant proof of the disjointed state of affairs. It is like the sight of dragoons in a mob, telling of troubles. Italy is specially the seat of troubles and the object of apprehensions. Geologically the most volcanic of European countries, she is so now also politically. The damp dungeons of Naples teem with victims, and King Bomba overawes his people by means of brigands and lazzaroni. French bayonets around the Vatican alone ward off a new Roman Republic and a second flight of the Pope to Gaeta. Austria, overpassing her own frontiers, has corps of occupation alike in Parma and the Legations, where they rule like demons;—and in her own Italian territories there prevails only a milder form of the same reign of terror. Radetzky writes to Vienna that either his master must say *No* at once to the remonstrances of the Western Powers and Sardinia, or he will resign! Indeed, in the present combustible state of the peninsula,

can Austria recede without evoking the flames! It is a duel between Austria and Sardinia, contesting the supremacy of Italy. Sardinia demands—publicly in the face of Europe *demands*, that the cords which bind Italy shall be slackened. If Austria yield, the star of Piedmont rises higher on the horizon, and all eyes turn to it. The light of hope will grow stronger all over the peninsula, and the slackening of her cords will only make galled Italy pant more furiously to be free. But what a spectacle for modern Europe! Italy and Greece—the heirs of the classic empires, the descendants of the ruling spirits of the ancient world—both mad and miserable—raving and chafing with a fury unintelligible to northern races! Why, the very soldiers of our Italian Legion at Malta are grown delirious—have been shouting and stabbing “for liberty” in a place where there is nothing but batteries and oranges—and would doubtless throw themselves into the sea to swim for Sicily, if they could carry their arms with them.

Is this peace? Cross the Alps and look northwards. Poland groaning, and at times hoping, but securely manacled, and perhaps about to be offered by her master a politic sop. Hungary, bleeding at the heart, but with no hope on earth, save in the utter crumbling of the Hapsburg throne, which would only bring a Muscovite instead of an Austrian bondage. These we count not at present. They figure largely in the speculations of superficial observers, but it is not by them that the troubled sleep of Europe will first be broken; indeed it seems to us their day cannot come at all until Germany and Italy have first gone through the fire, and come out greatly changed. But Germany is troubled, and will probably be into the furnace sooner than most people imagine. Des titute of the mad impulses of the South, less demonstrative than the French, the Germans do not give tongue much before they act, but there are symptoms that the tranquillity of Central Europe is anything but secure. The policy of the Governments towards the people has become most reactionary—in many respects there is less freedom now than there was before 1848—and even in the “free republic” of Hamburg, the most cruel measures of oppression are put in force against the Press. The Germans are a slow-moving race, and if they had even a promise of better things coming, they would wait on, smoking their pipes, and drinking their beer, with true Teutonic phlegm, for another generation. But at present they have not even a promise of better things,—the nobility, worse than the throne, seem only bent upon pushing things backwards towards feudalism; and the consequence is, that were

revolution to re-commence in serious form either at Paris or in Italy, Germany would speedily catch the flame. In France itself tranquillity is only secure so long as the firm hand of Napoleon III. holds the reins. While he lives, France will not throw its rider. But his death would resolve all into chaos; and Bourbonists, Republicans, and Socialists would be seen struggling together in the dread maelstrom. For such a convulsion there can be but one issue. *Order* must be re-established,—but around whom is the nation to rally? Suppose Napoleon III. gone, what Saul is there overtopping all the rest by head and shoulders? What name is there, but one, that is known beyond the limits of Paris and a few leading towns?

Finally, look at Spain. There, revolution and change have been brooding and *émeutes* exploding for the last two years. The whole atmosphere of Spain at present is electric, and portentous of storms. The Queen is unrespected, and her power but a name; while two puissant dictators, Espartero and O'Donnell—the one a Liberal and the other a Royalist—each ready to trip up the other, rule precariously in her stead. And ever and anon plots and conspiracies explode in the provinces—now Carlist, now republican in character,—each failing, only that it may grow stronger and re-appear; while powerful attempts to carry votes of censure against the Government, show that the discontent finds voice and sympathy in the Cortes. Thus these two opposite principles are slowly maturing and preparing for a trial of strength; and, looking at the essentially monarchic spirit of the Spanish nation, it seems to us that Royalism will ultimately carry the day. Liberalism will culminate in a democratic outbreak, and then the nation will re-act into Carlism.

Such, it appears to us, is the essential condition of the leading States of the Continent. Troubled they are, all of them. Never was the political state of Europe so full of quicksands. “Distress of nations, and perplexity”—such is the exact aspect of the times. One cannot take a bold step any way without plunging into abysses which the future alone can fathom. Not to speak of the evidently transition-state of the Spanish peninsula, Turkey is disintegrating—Italy is on the eve of exploding,—even Germany is not safe; and a crisis in any one of these quarters may set Europe by the ears. Liberalism and Despotism are for the moment strangely interweaved. France threatens the press of Belgium,—Austria similarly threatens Sardinia, and crushes Italy. Sardinia menaces despotic Austria,—England sympathizes with freedom everywhere, but does not act,—France dreads an

outbreak in Italy, and stands balancing between Austria and Sardinia, yet at the same time is not disinclined to intervene to check Espartero and democracy in Spain. We believe the designs of Napoleon III. towards Italy are the best possible for that country. If he could get his wish, he would have Austria, Naples, and Rome to relax the severity of their rule, and re-organize their administrative system so as to insure at once more efficiency and more justice; the French and Austrian troops would then retire into their own territories, and the Italians, mollified by these concessions, would remain quiet for years to come, and would grow fitter for liberty when the hour of independence at last arrived. We say we believe that such are the desires of the French Emperor, for the belief tallies with his professions, and (what is of much more consequence) with his *interests*. A revolution in Italy would be most embarrassing to Napoleon III. At present he hovers undecided between the despotic regime and that of popular government. We think he would adopt the latter if he could,—we believe he would relax his rule, and take the bit out of the mouth of France, if the dreary turbulence of the factions permitted. He is “the Elect of eight millions”—that is at once his boast and his strength; and he has no desire to cast in his lot with princes to whom despotism is a principle, and the people a nullity. But a revolutionary outbreak in Italy would force him from his intermediate position, and compel him to take an extreme part on the side either of liberty or despotism. French troops garrison Rome,—were the Italians to rise against them as well as against the Austrians, Napoleon III. could hardly help playing the game of despotism by joining Austria in putting down the revolution. If, on the other hand, the outbreak were of such a character as to lead France to espouse the side of the Italians, Napoleon III. must identify himself with the cause of freedom and nationality,—in which case all Europe would at once be in a blaze. But an insuperable obstacle to the adoption of such a policy by the French Emperor, is the effect it would have upon his own Government. Could he become the champion of liberty abroad, and yet maintain the shackles of repression at home? Could he maintain his imperial system in France with democracy in the ascendant in Italy and Spain? Unquestionably not. But might he not, in such a case, boldly adventure the experiment of popularizing his system of government, and so keep his policy at home in unison with his policy abroad? Again no; for a time of war is a bad one for relaxing the reins of government,—indeed, the natural course in

such seasons is rather to draw tighter the reins, in order to obtain greater unity and centralization, and so impart greater force to the machine of Government. Louis Napoleon is not a despot by nature,—at least not more so than is every man of dominating talents and force of character; and we doubt not he would give free institutions to France if the nation could use them aright. But for our own part, we see not the least symptom of France being ready for any such change,—nor is the Emperor likely to adopt it. Yet this much we may say by way of prognostic,—Should Napoleon III. unexpectedly begin to popularize his system of government, Austria and the despotic States had better look to their arms; for it will be a sign that the sagacious ruler of France sees a European struggle impending, and has resolved to espouse the popular side.

The Italian question, we repeat, is a trying one for the French Emperor. It must come to an issue, which we do not see can be long kept back. Austria and Sardinia, as the representatives of two opposite principles, stand face to face. Between them there can be no compromise,—one or the other must fall. Both are aware of this. Austria is fortifying her positions, and pushing forward her out-posts, preparatory to the struggle. Through Parma she is sapping up to her enemy's citadel. Meanwhile Sardinia, with her back to the wall, is playing her last card, before engaging in a contest of life and death. She knows that she has no mercy to expect from Austria,—therefore she does not stand upon ceremony, and boldly appeals to the Western Powers to come to the help of Italy. She calls upon them to intervene in the affairs of the peninsula, and, by timely ameliorations wrung from Austria and her deputy-governments in Naples and Rome, to prevent the outbreak of a contest which cannot fail to be of the most embittered character. England will sympathize with the appeal, but she cannot *act* unless France go along with her. If the appeal be not answered—not in fair words, for of these there will be no lack, but in such a way as to accomplish its object, it is all up with Italy and Sardinia—for the present. For such a holding-back on the part of the Western Powers will prove that Napoleon III., although willing to befriend Italy by means of remonstrances, is ready to crush liberty and anarchy in one common fate rather than break with Austria, or risk the spread of the revolutionary spirit to his own dominions. And Italy, if it attempt an insurrection unsupported by France, must be crushed by the overwhelming, and well-appointed forces of the Austrian monarchy.

But will the alliance between France and

Austria be lasting? As long as the French Government is ready to combat Liberalism, and be as useful to Austria as Russia would be, but no longer. Austria is in a delicate and perilous position. Her statesmen have shown consummate ability in piloting her hitherto, but she cannot ultimately be kept off the rocks. She has quarrelled with Russia, and has only half gained France, while neither England nor Prussia will stir a finger on her behalf. Do as she likes, Austria will ultimately be overshadowed by the growing might of Russia. And the Czars may act towards her in two ways. Not a few of the statesmen of Russia have counselled the destruction of the Austrian empire as the best policy for the Czars; and it is known that the late Czar's intervention in Hungary, which saved Austria in 1849, was done in opposition to the advice of the majority of his council. Suppose this inimical course be pursued towards Austria now,—then, the next time Italy is in revolt, Russia would stir up similar movements amongst the Slavonic population of eastern Austria, and might win the support of the Gallician Poles by promising to incorporate them with the rest of their nation in a revived Archduchy of Poland. Were such a scheme successful, Austria would be annihilated—of her heterogeneous empire nothing would be left but her German provinces, which would by-and-by become merged in united Germany. Thus Muscovite vengeance would be wreaked to the full.

But if gratitude be a thing unknown in diplomacy, so also is revenge. It is *self-interest* alone that is looked to; and, judging by this rule, we should infer that, bitterly as Russia has been incensed by the recent conduct of Austria, she will by-and-by prefer to be reconciled to, and make a tool of Austria, rather than destroy her. Austria is a State that will be despotic to the last hour of her existence; hence in these times, when every war tends to become a contest of democracy and absolutism, she is a natural ally of Russia, the champion of absolutism. And Russia, it seems to us, has too strong a motive in keeping democracy at a distance from her own frontiers to set about destroying a kindred State, which acts as an efficient barrier. Russia may pat Italian revolution on the back, in order to frighten Austria, but she will not at present hunt Austria to the death. Austria, then, on occasion of her next extremity, will seek a reconciliation with her powerful neighbor, and in return for the renewed patronage of the latter, will engage to co-operate implicitly in Russia's projects of ambition. Despite all the treaties, secret and avowed, by which it is being sealed, we anticipate that the recent aliena-

tion between Austria and Russia will prove of a temporary character. It was forced upon Austria by the formidable proportions of the anti-Russian alliance, which threatened to sever from her at one stroke her Italian provinces if she took part with the enemy; but it will be observed, that while leaning to the side of the Alliance, she has steadily endeavored to present a minimum of opposition to Russia. Napoleon I. predicted that Austria would join Russia in partitioning Turkey; and though the adroitness of the nephew has temporarily falsified the prediction of the uncle, we have little doubt it will yet come true.

From these calculations of the probable moves impending on the chess-board of Europe, it will be seen that the immediate future, as it appears to us, does not promise to be such as will well accord with the wishes or interests of our country. It will be seen that the prospects of liberty on the Continent are not satisfactory. England and Russia are the only States that have as yet a definite policy, a clear course to pursue, and these courses are antagonistic. Russia is for Absolutism, England for Freedom and Constitutionalism. The other Powers waver in their course. Austria is despotic enough, but hesitates between France and Russia; Prussia fancies she leans to liberalism, but fears her people more than she dreads Russia; France sympathizes with liberty abroad, yet dares not fight for it, because in dread of anarchy at home; and the same strange combination is seen in her alliances, for she seeks to lean at once upon England and upon Austria. Thus England and Russia form the opposite political poles of Europe. Each mounted high upon a principle, they steadily regard each other across an intermediate mass of wavering States, and watch to profit by the fluctuations of the mass. There is no disguising that they are necessary antagonists — antagonists everywhere. Like thunder-clouds, they are slowly approaching each other in the East, where the collision will be terrible, drawing into its vortex the populations of one-half of Asia. And in Europe the collision will be not the less marked because it is one of principles. We do not take a jaundiced view of our great antagonist. The system of absolutism which she champions is as good for Russia in her present state as constitutionalism is for Britain. Indeed, it is this very fact that gives to the antagonism of these two Powers its greatest vehemence. Neither can part with its characteristic principle, and the principles are so opposite that they cannot come together without collision.

British Cabinets need not strive to blind Russia by fair words; they need not bend

the knee or make sacrifices to her in the hope of making her our friend. Russia will not so be blinded. We wish we were certain that our own Cabinets will prove equally proof to cajolery. The late Czar used to say that France is an intermittent volcano, but England an ever-burning *foyer* of revolutions — or, as Englishmen would phrase it, a steady sun of freedom, whose beams ever tend to develop on the Continent those movements towards liberty which it is the great object of Russian absolutism to repress. The mere existence of England in her present condition, therefore, is obnoxious to Powers which adhere to the despotic system; and there is too much reason to fear that these Powers will shortly acquire, though probably but for a brief period, an unexampled ascendancy on the Continent. Therefore let John Bull stand on his guard. There may be other Conferences than those lately concluded at Paris; and the menace made to Belgium against her free press, and now taken up by Austria against Sardinia, may be directed in due time, in the name of all the despotic courts of the Continent, against ourselves. Poor Sardinia! in the coming troubles we fear things will go hard with her, but how can we help her? Yet let her take this as some consolation, — if she be doomed to obscurity by her too powerful foes, it will only be to shine out again with treble effulgence hereafter. For, if there be one sure prediction as to the future of Europe, it is that Italy will yet be free, and that Sardinia will be its star.

"Calculation is everything," said the elder Napoleon. We do not assume the prophet's mantle, or affect to say, in arbitrary fashion, simply that such things shall be. But the germ of the future lies in the present; and from the seeds now germinating under our eyes, we seek to understand what will be the result. Looking into the inside of things is a safer source of augury than inspecting the entrails of birds. We take things as they are, and endeavor to work out the result by (if we may be allowed the pun) a process of *compound interest*. Find out the interests of a government or people, and its power of carrying them out (which depends on their relation to the interests of other States), and one can tell pretty nearly what the policy of that government or people will be. Judging by this rule, we should prognosticate a speedy disintegration of the Turkish empire, — the outbreak of popular movements in Europe (especially in Italy and Spain), and the repression of those movements, — to be followed by a grand gala-season for the Despotic Powers, during which time the liberties and Mediterranean possessions of this country

will be seriously endangered. If England, by means of an overwhelming fleet, can ride out the first burst of this tempest, she will be safe; for such a league of despotic governments cannot long keep down Europe, and a mighty heave in France and Germany—a wiser and more powerful 1848—will shiver the fabric of despotism all over western and central Europe, giving birth to a federally united Germany, and other arrangements, as to which it is not needful nor very safe to speak. What immediately concerns us is, that a balancing of contingencies appears clearly to threaten an unexampled ascendancy of despotic power on the Continent. In such circumstances, who will be our friends? What are to be our Alliances?

Let us first say, that a nation's main trust must ever lie in itself. "Put not your faith in princes," is as wise a maxim in international politics as in private life; for there is nothing more unstable than foreign alliances. The main danger to England must come across the seas. The greatest development of military power cannot hurt us in Europe,—(it is different in Asia). Or rather we should say, the military power of our enemies is only to be feared in so far as it may tend to place at their disposal naval power also. When Napoleon and Alexander met on the raft at Tilset to compose their old feud, and cement an alliance by the bonds of a common hatred of England, it was arranged by a secret clause of the treaty to suddenly seize upon the fleet of neutral Denmark, and add it to the vast naval armaments with which they purposed to assail the indomitable Islanders. The British Government of that day was too quick for them; but, looking at the mingled timidity and blindness become chronic in our statesmen, we question if any British Cabinet would have the energy and moral courage to repeat such a *coup-de-main* in similar circumstances now. Yes, the military power of our foes is only to be dreaded as a means of concussing other maritime States into their alliance against us. What we have specially to guard against is, *a confederacy which may be able to bring together naval forces superior to our own*. Everything remote appears to common minds improbable; anything that has never yet happened appears to them impossible. John Bull, therefore, is likely to be too incredulous on this point—too confident in his "wooden walls," without taking pains to see that they are kept equal to the requirements of the times. But this only makes us more desirous to bring the matter under the old gentleman's notice, and to request him to consider what a plight we should all be in were a hostile confederacy to get the upper hand of us at sea. Suppose we have "bold

Britons" enough to throw back into the sea the myriad regiments which a Continental Coalition could direct against our shores—suppose even (for we don't wish to shock John's nerves overmuch) the merchant navies in the Thames and Mersey escape the enemy's bombs, and that our foes are so remarkably humane or timid as to leave our coast-towns unvisited (contingencies which, for the life of us, we cannot believe in)—but suppose all this, and that the enemy, with singular forbearance, confined his operations exclusively to the high seas; still, what condition would we be in at the end of half a year's blockade? Ask Mr. Villiers, Mr. *Economist* Wilson, or any other great authority on the Corn-laws, to tell from the imports how far the grain-produce of this country now falls short of the consumption, and then it will be plain to every one that six months' blockade would see us all half-starving. Besides, as only one-third of our population find work upon the soil, and the other two-thirds are engaged in manufactures and shopkeeping,—a stoppage of our commerce consequent upon losing the command of the seas would throw at least a third of our people out of work, and would call the sponge into play against the National Debt. Mind this, O ye Fundholders and Capitalists! who are ever so clamorous for peace and peace-establishments. Remember that England has a great deal more to fight for than mere "honor;" and that one of the first and most inevitable consequences of letting our enemies get the upper hand of us at sea will be—*must be*—a suspension of the payment of the interest (£28,000,000!) of the National Debt.

It should be an object in the policy of Great Britain ever to aim at keeping down the naval power of the Continental States; for every increase in the naval forces of our rivals necessitates a corresponding increase in our own, and a corresponding expense to the nation. The great blunder of the last war—as we repeatedly pointed out during its continuance—was our missing the fair opportunity it presented of destroying the Baltic fleet of Russia. Had we destroyed that fleet, England would have been safe against every contingency for the next generation; for then, come what might, we could have had little else to face than the fleets of France and Spain, which we could have dealt with easily, and at little expense to ourselves. Whereas now there exist the elements of a naval Continental Confederacy which at some future time may push us hard. At the opening of the war two years ago, it is a fact too much overlooked, that the fleet of Russia equalled in strength the united navies of England and France. What, then, would

have been the position of this country if the French Emperor had accepted the Czar's secret overture to go halves with him in the spoiling of Turkey? Clearly, we must have succumbed, and by a timely diplomatic surrender have averted the attack of Powers which we were as little able to encounter by sea as by land.

We talk of the invulnerability of our island-position! Why, a union of the French and Russian fleets in 1854 would have swept the British flag from the seas, blocked us up like a beleaguered fortress, and made us feel of what little use are bales of calicoes to a starving people. "Live and learn" is the real maxim of existence; but what we deplore is, that John Bull won't learn—or at least is very slow about it. He won't take the trouble to make a single reflection or induction for himself. Hence a danger escaped never attracts his attention; and he bids fair to plod on in very stupid phlegm until this naval peril hits him much more sharply in the face than we, or any other of his many well-wishers, desire.

One good result of the late war is, that it has been the means of equipping England admirably in the very arm which she so especially needs. In the long-run it will probably be found that the efficiency imparted to our naval armaments has been worth the whole cost of the war; and future historians may have it to note, that the short-war now closed came as a special providence to England, to rouse her betimes from her undue security, and prepare her for the infinitely greater dangers of contests yet to come. We see reason to believe that an alliance between France and Russia, *at the expense of England*, lies in the womb of the future. It may not be while Napoleon III. lives and rules—or if so, it will be a contingency which he himself will deplore; but, as in the fundamentally unsettled state of dynastic matters in France, even the triumph of the Fusion cannot be regarded as impossible, a state of hostility in such circumstances would be almost a matter of course. Popery would then have a brief gala-season on the Continent as well as despotism—and, moreover, England may show such sympathy with insurgents for liberty on the Continent, and her press may so vehemently and assiduously assail the despotic governments, as to mark her out to them as an object for their common attack. If Spain (as is on the cards) have by that time relapsed under the sway of Carlism, as a reaction from democracy, we need not look for help from her; on the contrary, we should require to look after Gibraltar, as both Spain and France would like to see us dispossessed of that commanding fortress.

Of Italy we need not speak; she will have enough to do with her own miseries to think of helping others. Prussia, with whom, if report speak true, we are about to form a royal alliance—one, be it said, of the most desirable kind—will probably disappoint the expectations entertained of her in this country; for if democratic movements take place in Germany, her present alliance with Russia will only be drawn closer. As a Protestant power she is kindred to us—her people are half-kin—and by-and-by the British and Germans will fraternize better than they do now; nevertheless as long as Prussia is but Prussia, and not the head of a united Germany, she is powerless (and perhaps will be little inclined) to show us favor in the event of any Continental coalitions being formed against our island-empire. Besides, she has no fleets, and it is the co-operation of fleets above all things that in an extremity we should want. In fine, the popular States on the Continent, who court our alliance, are comparatively helpless; and the general result is, that though we might help them, they cannot help us.

In the event of troubles and changes, then, such as we have been considering, producing a re-arrangement of the European alliances, nowhere can England look for steady friends among the States which we have passed in review. We shall be happy to remain at peace with them if they let us; but we suspect the despotic governments will be inclined to make use of their temporary ascendancy—will take advantage of the rare unanimity of sentiment among the crowned heads of the Continent—to exercise a hostile influence against free England. Congresses can be held for other purposes than making peace. The semi-compulsory surrender of our immemorial rights in naval warfare at the late Congress, and the readiness with which proposals for the repression of the press of other countries were entertained, ought to be a warning of what we may expect should the balance of power on the Continent shift round farther against us. Under pretext of re-adjusting the territorial system of Europe, and insuring the freedom of the European seas, a new Congress may demand of us the surrender of Heligoland as pertaining to Germany—of Gibraltar, as part of Spain—of the Ionian Islands, as pertaining to Greece; and in the event of our refusal, a naval confederacy may be formed to wrest these places from us. Let the warders on our towers, then, watch.

Most urgently, let us venture to say, does it become us to check, as far as possible, the progress of anti-British influence around the shores of the Baltic. At present we have this advantage, that the fleet of Russia, which

would constitute one-half of any naval confederacy against us, is blocked up by ice for half the year — thus permitting us during that time to direct our entire naval strength against the other fleets of the confederacy. But if Russia succeeds in extending her ascendancy around the shores of the Baltic — if from Finland and the Aland Isles she dominate over Sweden, and, perhaps with the help of Prussia, concuss Denmark, where the Court is already Russianized — then we may expect to see the station of the Russian fleet advanced from Cronstadt to the harbors of Norway and Denmark, beyond the limits of the winter-ice ; and the entrance to the Sound itself may virtually come into her hands. By an Unkiar Skelessi treaty with Denmark, these Dardanelles of the North might become closed against the fleet of her enemies ; and the long-range artillery now introduced would render the passage of the Sound in the teeth of the Danish batteries, as once done by Nelson, quite impracticable. Were Russia to succeed in taking up such a position, we must frankly say that the effectual guardianship of the British coast would in times of war become impossible. By the so called " neutralization " of the Black Sea, the naval strength of Russia will henceforth be concentrated (nearer to our shores !) in the Baltic ; and a hostile fleet of thirty sail-of-the-line lying, unassailable by us, behind the Sound (within twelve hours' sail of our coasts), and ready to issue out at a moment's notice — how could we keep it in check ?

Manifestly, then, the point above all others which we have to keep in view in our *European* policy is to draw closer our alliance with Sweden and Denmark. These States are our natural allies — the only ones existing on the Continent. With them we have no conflicting interests — no points of rivalry. Scandinavians and Northmen, they have the same blood in their veins as we ; and the south of Denmark is the primal home of the people that have now given their name to England. Similar blood produces similar temperament and national character ; and the love of freedom and a popular form of government characterizes both Scandinavians and ourselves. The same love of the adventurous sea-faring life is to be found, too, amongst them, — thus rendering them to us the most useful of all allies, or, if won to the opposite side, most formidable foes. The present position of Sweden and Denmark — particularly the former — is favorable for drawing closer the alliance which we have with them. The Danish Court, we regret to say, inclines in a marked manner to Russia ; and it is to be regretted that, as the Danish law of succession now stands, the royal family of Russia may yet lay claim to

the Danish throne. But the Danish people and Parliament are stoutly opposed to these Russian leanings of the Court ; and ceaseless diplomatic efforts ought to be made by our Government to procure the triumph of these national feelings. No pains would be too great if it won Denmark to the side of Britain. The natural interests of Denmark must incline her to dread Russia, whose future will menace her independence ; and if our Government were to maintain at Copenhagen a diplomatist really worthy of that important mission, the Danish Government might soon be brought to see that their true interest lay in cultivating a British, not a Russian alliance. With Sweden, we rejoice to say, our position is much better. There, too, the people are with us — staunchly so ; and fortunately the Court has of late become sensible of the value of a Western alliance. It will be our own fault if the anti-Russian treaty which Sweden made last year with the Allies ever ceases with Great Britain. Prince Oscar, second son of the king, is at present on a tour-matrimonial to Western Europe ; and though it is now reported that his bride is to be a French, not a British princess, still this marriage-alliance is an anti-Russian one, and will have no effect in binding Sweden to France in the event of a change of dynasty in the latter country.

It is plainly the fundamental interest of Sweden and Denmark to lean on England instead of Russia, and their Governments cannot but perceive this ; but then, here is the difficulty — their gigantic neighbor exercises so great a pressure upon them, that it may seem to them safer to propitiate the good-will of Russia than to brave her enmity. And the plain practical question comes to be, — In the event of Sweden and Denmark being ready to unite their fortunes with ours, are we ready, and have we the power, to defend these States against the attacks of Russia ? We think both these questions ought to be answered in the affirmative. The gain to us in securing the alliance of two such naval powers as Sweden and Denmark — and still more the disaster it would be to us if they were ranged on the side of our foes — would compensate tenfold the expense of co-operating with Danes and Swedes in defence of their country. As to the possibility of a successful defence of these countries with the help of British troops and fleets, any one who remembers Wellington's defence of Portugal, or who duly considers the protracted stand made by the Russians at Sebastopol, will not deem the project impracticable. Copenhagen and the Danish islands would be quite unassailable when guarded by a few gun-boats ; while important strategical positions, fortified by earth-

works à la *Sebastopol*, might be taken up on the mainland, open to the sea, and where British troops and materiel might be added to the brave land-forces of Denmark. With Norway and Sweden the case would be much easier. There the attack could only be made round the northern extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia—a dreary march at any time, and (unless Russia lay down a railway there) impracticable in winter; while the British and Swedish navies, having command of the whole Baltic waters, for six months in the year could dreadfully harass the enemy, landing troops on any point of the coast where they could best assail the long-extended communications of the invading army. Besides, no country in the world presents so many obstacles to an invading army, and so many excellent positions for defence, as the Scandinavian peninsula; and thus supported by sea, and naturally favored by land, an Anglo-Swedish army, if worthily led, could not fail to repel any amount of force that could be brought against them.

The great advantage of turning such things over in one's mind is, that it prepares us for all contingencies. It is only by looking ahead that a State can prevent itself being surprised by events for which it has made no preparation. Many a time a good plan of policy has to be foregone, and left untried, simply because it has been too late of being commenced; and another and less effectual policy has had to be adopted, because it could be more readily put in operation. This hand-to-mouth style of statesmanship has become much too prevalent of late among the rulers of England; yet never was it so likely to produce great disasters as in the coming years,—for the vaster are warlike combinations becoming, and the more rapidly may great blows be struck, so as to make lost opportunities more than ever irreparable, and to give little time to a blind-drifting State to gather its wits, and excogitate the best means of defending itself. Most sincerely, then, do we trust that our rulers will timeously think out the problems of the future, and not allow England to drift helplessly into new contests for which they have made no preparation, and into new political combinations, of which they have never studied the character or calculated the result.

Hitherto we have confined our gaze to Europe. But unlike the Powers of the Continent, and in this possessing an immense advantage over them, the natural alliances of England overleap the seas, and are to be found in every part of the earth. Her children have gone forth conquering and colonizing. Her Indian empire has grown a mighty power, fostering the commerce and

adding to the military strength of the mother country. Australia and New Zealand, nursed by the gold-mines of the south, are rapidly advancing in a path of indefinite progress, and towards a goal of majestic power. Canada, with its confederate States, clustered around the noblest line of inland navigation in the world, and ever advancing westwards to the shores of the Pacific, throbs in unison with the heart of England, as if they were (what they are) brothers. Even the United States, those first seceders from the catholicity of Anglo-Saxondom,—are they not also to be counted among our natural allies? We say they are. True, there is at present a quarrel, or complication of quarrels betwixt us, which even verges towards war; and there certainly will be frequent bickerings until both sides recognize their true line of policy. But that time will come—must come,—for there is no withstanding the “logic of events.” If it be asked *when* will the United States become our faithful ally? the answer is simple,—whenever they shall see that it is their interest to be so. We care not for present appearances—we address ourselves to *permanent interests*,—we endeavor to look down through the ever-fluctuating superficial phenomena to the heart of things; and we say that England and the American Union will gradually approximate into a closer alliance. Nay more, the United States will ere long be forced to abandon their system of neutrality in regard to Old World politics, and in doing so will make common cause with England. They cannot act otherwise. As long as danger keeps at a distance from their shores, they will let England fight as she best may, and will only seek to turn the embarrassments of others to their own account. It is in vain to lament the selfishness of this course. Selfishness is the most prevailing law of human nature. Those who are out of danger, ever keep pushing others into the fire,—it is only when the fire comes next to them that they change their tune, and exclaim, “Are we not all brothers?” So will it be with the United States. At present, England—stout old John Bull, whom slim brother Jonathan abuses so much—stands bolt upright in the face of Europe, and manfully does all the fighting and sympathizing work which pertains to the lot of a free State in contact with despotic Governments which keep down other free States. *England acts as a buffer to America*; and as long as John Bull is able and willing to play this part, brother Jonathan may continue to sneer at the buckler to which, perhaps unknown to himself, he is indebted for his peace and security. At this moment, how he deceives himself! He raves full-cry against

England. Never, we are sorry to say, was jealousy of the mother country more prevalent in the United States than now; nothing can exceed the bitterness with which they rail at British policy. O fools, and blind! Do you know so little of European politics?—are you so innocent of all knowledge of cabinet-secrets as not to know that at this moment England is the main obstacle to a European coalition that would seek to arrest the southward progress of the American people, and that would rejoice in humbling the somewhat offensive pride of the “model republic?” Have you forgotten the Tripartite treaty proposed two years ago, ostensibly to guarantee Cuba to Spain? Inquire at the Tuileries, or of your military commissioners lately at Paris, how the French Emperor is disposed, or if he has abandoned his old opinion that, when he became Emperor, the war of all others he should least object to would be one with the United States. Would Spain, whose possessions in the New World you are constantly menacing, like anything better than to form one of a coalition to “draw your teeth?” Would Denmark, whom you are now likewise threatening, and the States friendly to the assertion of her rights in the Sound question, hesitate to act in a similar fashion? Not one of them. And besides all this, the despotic governments would have a peculiar desire to damage the American Republic, seeing that they feel that sooner or later they will come into conflict with it. Has Austria forgotten the Kosta affair, or does Russia relish the assertion of such principles? What stands between? England—with her vast fleet, which, if joined to that of America, would sweep all before it.

As long as England sides with America, Europe cannot touch her. And it is the last thought in England’s heart to magnify the Continental powers at the expense of America. And yet, blinded by an inordinate estimate of himself, brother Jonathan does not see this, and will go on bullying John Bull to the last. Were John Bull to be smitten hard in the trying times that are coming, America would soon find out her mistake. But as John Bull has no intention of “knocking under,” whatever number of powers may come against him, America is probably destined to be the first enlightened as to her true policy in a milder and less sudden fashion. The Powers of the New World will do well to ponder what is now taking place in the Old. The threats held out against the liberty of the press in other countries, and the alteration of the laws of maritime warfare to suit the interests of the Continental States, which took place at the late Congress, are symptomatic of what the

future has in store. If these things be done in the green tree, what will they not do in the dry? The United States are isolated by that new protocol on naval warfare. England has surrendered her vantage-ground, and now the United States are brought face to face with the opposite principles of the Continental Powers. This is step the first. Naval Confederacies for the assertion of naval rights are as old as the days of the Empress Catherine,—they have often been revived,—and it is plain to demonstration that the increasing intercommunication of nations will develop them still more in our own times. Here, then, is a subject of quarrel already between Europe and the United States. The hostile attitude of the latter, and avowed designs against Central America and the islands of the Mexican Gulf—including possessions of Spain, France, Denmark, England, and Holland—and threatening to monopolize that highway of nations, the Isthmus of Panama, constitute still more substantial cause of war. And observe this,—the more the triumphs of steam-navigation advance, the closer are Europe and America brought together, the more irritating will become the points of difference between them, and the more readily can either assail the other. In other fifty years America and Europe will be as close to one another as England and France were a century ago; and the long strifes and struggles which England has had and still has to go through with the Continent, will then be extended to America. Then will be seen whether it be true or not, as certain physiologists assert, that the Anglo-Saxon race necessarily degenerates in America; or whether there will not at last come true as to North America the idea which Canning too confidently expressed of the Spanish republics of the South, when he boasted that he had “called into existence a New World to redress the balance of the Old.”

The United States have recently been coquetting with Russia. The community of nations has been startled to see a sudden *rapprochement* between the representative Powers of absolutism and democracy. The wonderful spectacle will not last long. It is like the sudden friendship between Napoleon and Alexander I. at Tilsit, where the mighty confederates fancied they could live peaceably and divide the world betwixt them. Their sole bond of union was jealousy of England: yet England lives on, and has actually been the means of preventing her two great foes from destroying one another,—first, by helping Russia when attacked by France, and recently France when menaced by Russia! It will fare no better with this mock-friendship between Russia and the

United States. The Russian Government, which has no Presidential elections and popular madneses to mislead it, sees much further into the future than the ephemeral politicians of the Union. Russian principles have a great work to do yet in Europe, and Russian power has to consolidate itself vastly in its outlying positions, before it need come into conflict with the United States. Therefore the late Czar spoke sweet words to the representatives of the Stars and Stripes, — told them how entirely he appreciated their "peculiar institution," and how he quite understood their model republic, though he could make nothing of the jumble of things they call a Constitution in the "old country."

Brother Jonathan, on his part, calculated that Russia was a land power, always in want of somebody to carry its goods, which he was quite ready to do; that with its help he might succeed Britannia in the sovereignty of the waves; and that thenceforth, as Russia was in the Old World and he in the New, they could no more meet in hostile strife than could a bear and a shark. This is like the mistake of the child who fancies he can wade the Thames at London, because he can step over it at his father's door. There are two causes which will tend to make the United States alter their present policy. The first and more remote of these is, the progress of Russia in the North Pacific. It was a subject of regret to some during the late war that the British Government did not organise an expedition, in concert with the Canadians, to conquer the Russian possessions in North America. We now see clearly that things are better as they are. Had the Russians been driven from America, the United States would have become more jealous than ever of England, and the disunion between the two great and free Anglo-Saxon powers would have most detrimentally affected their future position. Now, it is Russia that the Americans have to dread in the North Pacific. The United States are in process of founding a new empire on the shores of that ocean, and Russian power is already strongly intrenched there. At Sitka, not a long way north of Oregon and California, Russia has strong forts and fine harbors; from thence the long chain of the Aleutian Islands, likewise fortified, extend her sway right across the Pacific to Northern China, Petropaulovski, and the mouth of the Amoor, where she is likewise establishing herself in strength, as the Allied fleets lately found to their cost. Two years and a-half ago,* before ever the war commenced, we expressed our assured conviction that Russia would use every effort

to gain possession of the line of the Amoor, which runs through northern China, as the sole efficient outlet for communication between her Siberian possessions and the Pacific. Ten months afterwards the anticipation was shown to be true, by the discovery of the fortifications of Petropaulovski; and every month since has brought further corroboration. From official documents just published at St. Petersburg, it appears that within the last three years the right of navigating the Amoor has been obtained from the Chinese government; the course of the river has been trigonometrically surveyed; Russian settlements are being extended along the coast in a southerly direction from its mouth; a chain of troops has been established from Lake Baikal to the Pacific; an influx of government officials and settlers has taken place, and a profitable trade is being opened with the Chinese government for the produce of the Siberian copper-mines — the usual supplies of copper for the Chinese government being intercepted by the rebels in the south. These friendly relations with the Court of Peking will be gradually consolidated; and, as we pointed out on the former occasion, the Russian government has a fine card in its hand to play, if necessary, by supporting the Manchoo government against the rebels, — especially seeing that the Amoor flows through Manchooria, so that, even though expelled from Peking by the Chinese revolutionists, the Manchoo princes might set up an independent government in their native country, and rule there in the interest of their suzerain and defender the Czar.

That the vast basin of the Amoor will in due time fall entirely under the power of Russia, giving her command of a tolerably fertile country and numerous population, we believe inevitable; and in a work on China just published by Mr. Meadows, the startling opinion is maintained that China will by-and-by fall wholly under Russian ascendancy, and that the Czar, thus put in possession of *one-half the population of the globe*, will undertake and succeed in the conquest of North America. Thus a Russian empire would be established in China as a British empire is established in India — only twice as strong. That Russia will obtain an ascendancy in China, if Britain and America do not counteract her, seems probable enough; but we need not go further than our own moderate statement, that Russia will in due time come into rivalry with the United States as a Pacific power, and that that rivalry will cause an antagonism between them. We observe that since the close of the war, the Russian government has despatched several of its ships of war to Petropaulovski, to reinforce its squadron

* See Magazine, January, 1854, p. 73.

in the Pacific; and in the New York journals we see it exultingly pointed out that the Russian naval station at the mouth of the Amoor will be made another Sebastopol, beyond the reach of the British fleet, and that it can easily be furnished with steam machinery and *materiel* of all kinds from California. Very good; but is it British or American interests that are most affected by this new "standing menace" in the North Pacific? Truly, it is characteristic of the short-sighted dollar-mania of brother Jonathan that he should actually sell the knife that is designed to cut his own throat!

We have not space to speculate on the immediate future of America. We can only indicate the possibility of Cuba becoming a St. Domingo in the efforts of the filibusters to wrest it from Spain, — and the probability of the Northern States withdrawing from the Union rather than face the costs of a war provoked by the aggressions of the Southern States, and waged for the extension of those Slavery-institutions which the Free-soil States so intensely abhor. But we must say that, along with the dawning perception of an impending material antagonism with anti-British Powers in the Old World, moral causes can hardly fail to precipitate the intervention of America in the affairs of Europe. That the United States should have held back during the last war, and sought only to turn it to their own account, need surprise none; for that war was in no sense a war of principles, and was waged only to maintain a very rickety balance of power with which America has nothing to do. But it seems to us that the case will be altered by-and-by. Napoleon I. predicted that in fifty years Europe would be either Cossack or Republican: we incline to think it will be first the one and then the other, — understanding, however, by "Cossack," merely the complete triumph of those absolutist principles of which Russia is the champion and grand exemplar; and for "republican" we should read free or popular, as expressed by the establishment of governmental institutions of any kind which may be in unison with the wishes of the respective nations. It seems to us that Europe will see realized the former of these conditions, — that any popular movements in Italy or elsewhere will be put down, and that for a score of years thereafter Absolutism will have a heyday, until a new and more potent "1848" blow the whole fabric over Western and Central Europe, and inaugurate a revision of territorial limits as well as governmental institutions of the Continent, which can hardly fail to bring the balance of power and principles once

more into greater unison with the interests of Great Britain.

Such appears to us to be the direction in which things are tending. Our limits do not permit of a detailed balancing of the various elements under consideration, — we can but indicate those which appear to be most influential; and our readers, who possess all the elements of calculation, in the forces and principles visibly at work in foreign affairs, can revise and correct the estimate for themselves. It is desirable that the public mind should habituate itself to the consideration of such problems, for it is only by an approximately correct estimate of the future that the policy of a State can be guided to advantageous results.

One word in parting, as to our present unhappy differences with the United States. Great Britain has no great interest in Central America. She cannot consent to be bullied out of her rights there, but otherwise she has not the least desire to check the progress of American influence in that region; and we might even abandon our settlements and protectorates on the mainland (retaining the Bay Islands), in order to avoid contention with our Transatlantic brethren, if the latter were ready, frankly and without reservation, to arrange a definite settlement of the question. It is a striking, and to us creditable fact, that a universal desire for good-fellowship with the United States prevails in this country, although the predominant spirit in the Union is unequivocally of an opposite character. But we beg the Cabinet of Washington not to deceive itself. Great Britain is slow to come to a decided rupture with any State, and the British public do not easily get incensed. But if the American Government persist in its attempts to concuss us by means of bullying and filibusters, it will be the first to regret the consequences. The condition of its Northern States in 1814, when they were ready to sever from the Union, rather than endure any longer the consequences of war, ought to teach that Government prudence. There can be no proper alliance between Powers which do not respect each other; and, therefore, with all our desire for friendly relations with the United States, we believe it would be as unwise as ignoble to decline a contest if the American Government press it upon us. Nevertheless what a *guerre des fous* it would be! — and what a source of rejoicing to their enemies to see the two great free Powers of the world clashing against each other, — damaging their fleets, commerce, and revenues, in a contest which can only redound to the advantage of States who are inimical to both.

The paths of Britain and America do not

cross. The Isthmus of the New World is the goal of Transatlantic ambition—a destined appanage of the Anglo-Saxons of the West. On the other hand, the Isthmus of the Old World is the cynosure of British policy—the point to which our most watchful attention must be given. There lies our highway to the East—that route on which Gibraltar, Malta, the Ionian Isles, and Aden are our fortified posts; which has our Indian and Australian empires for its termini, and whose neck is Egypt. Egypt and Syria—for commerce will soon flow back into its earliest route, and the steam-car run in the path of the caravans from the Levant to the Persian Gulf. That is a quarter which British statesmen will do well to ponder. A very possible re-arrangement of the European alliances might vitally affect our influence in that important region—France, resuming her old Napoleonic dream, menacing Egypt from Algeria; and Russia, as Allison has vaticinated, passing down through crumbling Anatolia to the valley of the Euphrates. In such untoward circumstances, however, England would find Allies which cannot serve her nearer home; and, aided by our Indian army and Australian colonies (who have a direct interest in keeping open the overland communication), and combating on a narrow front of land, approachable on three sides by sea and the British fleets, a much more successful defence could be made than at first sight appears probable. Scandinavia and Syria—such, then, are the quarters which British statesmanship ought most jealously to watch, and at the same time seek to draw closer to our side the various scattered fragments of the British race. In truth, the time is coming when England ought amply to reap the benefit of her colonies—of that vast system of enterprise and emigration which will be the most enduring monument of her greatness. She has spread over the earth like a gigantic banyan-tree, dropping in every quarter of

the globe roots which in turn become trees like herself, and forming part of herself, so that no storms will ever prevail to throw her down. If we look merely at the narrow British Isles alongside of the great States of the Continent, expanding in population to a greater extent than is possible with us, and tending to unite themselves in the still greater aggregations of Race, our heart might fail us for the meteor-flag of England; but when we lift our eyes beyond the seas, and see new Englands rising, and British blood and language dominating over a third of the inhabited earth, despondency must give way to a noble pride and confidence in her future. Already our colonies are ripe to take upon themselves the burden of their own maintenance and defence in ordinary times; and in seasons of war the aid we have so long extended to them will henceforth, we doubt not, cease to be a one-sided obligation;—while in the growing commerce subsisting among them, the Anglo-Saxon States will find ample scope for their industrial energies, though all the rest of the world were closed against them. Peace will dawn on the world by-and-by, though wars will never entirely cease as long as human nature remains what it is. But whether in peace or in war, no Power yet formed in the world will lastingly extinguish the glory of Britain. The dominion of the seas will cease to be hers exclusively, but only to merge into the grander maritime supremacy of the United Anglo-Saxon family. And whatever may be the Coalitions and Confederacies of the future, through the haze of years is there the coming of one greater than them all, in a Congress of the free Anglo-Saxon Powers of the Sea,—whose triumphs, sufficient in war, will shine forth most conspicuously in the better peaceful times a-coming, helping on that period when a Christianized civilization shall cover the earth “as the waters do the channels of the sea.”

LAW.

“*Throat.* And how think'st thou of Law?

“*Dash.* Most reverently:

Law is the world's great light; a second sun To this terrestrial globe, by which all things Have life and being, and without the which Confusion and disorder soon would seize The general state of men: war's outrages, The ulcerous deeds of peace, it curbs and cures; It is the Kingdom's eye, by which she sees The acts and thoughts of men.

“*Throat.* The Kingdom's eye!

I tell thee, fool, it is the Kingdom's nose, By which she smells out all these rich transgressors.

Nor is 't of flesh, but merely made of wax; And 'tis within the power of us lawyers To wrest this nose of wax which way we please. Or it may be, as thou say'st, an eye indeed; But if it be, 'tis sure a woman's eye, That's ever rolling.

Lodowick Barry.—“*Ram Alley*,” *Old Play*.

From Household Words.

THE WORLD OF INSECTS.

AND why should not insects have a world of their own, just as well as you and I? Is the Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast a bit more unreal than Almack's or the Carlton? Don't grasshoppers feast? don't they and their family connections, the locusts, gormandize, and devour, and swallow up everything? Don't butterflies flutter, and flirt, and perform the polka and the varsoviene in the air, and display their fine clothes with gratified vanity? Did no young dragon-fly, with brilliant prospects, ever get married to the horseleech's daughter, and repent of the alliance after it was too late? If philosophic fiction has created a Micro-megas, that is to say a Mr. Littlebig, romantic natural history may surely record the saying and doings of the Megamicroses, or the Messieurs Biglittles. Vast souls often dwell in undersized bodies. Neither Napoleon nor the Duke could have earned sixpence a-day by following the profession of giants at fairs; nor would they have been cordially received by the amateurs of calves in silks, liveries, powdered heads, and six feet two. They would have been found wanting when compared with specimens of masculine beauty who are hireable by addressing a prepaid letter to P. Q. R., at Mrs. Mouldfusty's, green-grocer, Outofplace Lane. Is not the succession in an Oriental empire, and in a bee-hive, regulated on exactly similar principles? The reigning sovereign keeps the nearest heirs to the throne imprisoned in palaces; now and then murdering the most promising rivals.

To know the world of insects perfectly, one must lead the life of an insect; one must be an insect one's self. And therein lies the great impediment to our knowledge. The feelings and thoughts of animals not far removed constitutionally from ourselves, we can guess at intuitively. A novelist of genius, who has closely observed human nature, is able to assume mentally, the characteristics of the leading varieties of mankind. A Thackeray, a Balzac, a Molière, a Shakespeare, can be for a time, murderers, misers, heartless worldlings, weak hypochondriacs, ambitious prelates, heart-broken parents, delicate-minded women. Every phase of life is theirs to learn, to put on, and to wear,

as were they to the manor born. In like manner, an observant naturalist watches the habits and affections of his favorites, till he can become one of themselves, whenever need be. Audubon could have acted the vulture, the humming-bird, the passenger-pigeon, or the Canada goose, to the life when once he had been fitted with the feather costume. Jules Gérard could change himself into a perfect camel, hyena, or lion, by an act of his will. Were Yarrel clad in a herring's scales, he would never commit the mistake of migrating annually from the Arctic circle to the British coasts, as prated of by Pennant; nor would he, disguised as a goatsucker, ever dream of sucking goats. Do you think that Ducrow did n't perfectly understand every caprice of the horse, as well as the horse himself did,—perhaps better? Is not the person defective in intelligence and sympathy who cannot thoroughly enter into the feelings of a dog or an elephant? The world of such creatures lies within the limits of the world of men, though our world extends considerably beyond the boundaries of theirs.

But the world of insects lies not on our terrestrial map. Perhaps it may have a closer relationship with life as it goes in the planets Venus and Mercury, which, from their nearer approach to the sun, may abound with a gigantic insect population. We are cut off from all communion with insects; we cannot look into their eyes, nor catch the expression of their faces. Their very senses are merely conjectural to us; we know not exactly whether they have ears to hear, a palate to taste, or a voice to speak. For, a noise mechanically produced is not a voice. The rattling of a stork's bill is not a vocal sound, any more than the alarum of a rattle-snake's tail; neither is the chirping of the male crickets, which is produced by the rubbing together of their wing-cases, as has been proved by rubbing them together artificially. The death's-head sphynx causes consternation among the superstitious by the peculiar squeaking sound which it has the power of making; but it is not a cry emitted from the chest through the throat and mouth. If, therefore, in an existence of metempsychosis, it were possible for the transmigrated soul to remember its own successive biographies, it would be well worth while passing a few hundred years as an insect of varying species and order, before returning to the human

form to write a history of past adventures. That would be the true way to learn the secret intrigues of the world of insects. To complete the natural historical education gained by such an erratic existence—to make the grand tour, in short—one ought to pass a term of apprenticeship in the shape of a plant. A newly-arrived traveller from the vegetable kingdom, come home to the realms of flesh and blood, would explain what pleasure a leaf or flower can have in catching flies—why the sensitive-plant shrinks from the most friendly caress—how the night-scented stock knows that the sun is below the horizon, while the atmosphere still remains light and warm—whether pain or pleasure be the cause which keeps the moving-plant in a perpetual fidget—and whether camellia-blossoms like to be cut, and to go to balls in pretty girls' hairs. One would willingly risk all the personal tortures to be apprehended from entomologists, market-gardeners, and lady's-maids, to be able to solve these mysteries.

But before venturing on terms of equality into the society of beetles and flies, of moths and maggots, the adventurous tourist would do well to prepare himself by the study of some short elementary guide-book. And, by good luck, lately, the insects themselves, by the hands of their elected and official secretary,* Mr. J. W. Douglas, have invited us to honor them with a portion of our attention, by sundry plausible arguments. They urge that, while business must be attended to—which it is as religiously as if it comprised the whole duty of man—the intervals of business must be attended to, as an antidote to the contraction of the range of thought which is the result of over-devotion to mercantile affairs or party politics. They plead that there is no employment for leisure hours more innocent in itself, or more productive of benefit than the study of themselves, the insects; that their number (ten thousand species in Great Britain only), their beauty, accessibility, and at the same time their mysteriousness, especially adapt them to become the subjects of popular recreation. That, without any desire to undervalue literature or art, it may still be believed that man and his doings, his follies and his crimes, engage too much of our attention. That, the acquaintance of insects once made, ennui and the

want of something to do will vanish, every step will be on enchanted ground, and on all sides the prospect will become more and more enticing. That the inducement to go out of doors—the walk with a purpose in view, so different to that most dreary of employments, walking for the sake of exercise—is itself no mean advantage. Then, the collector will want to know something about the nature of the specimens he has acquired, and will begin to study their habits, forms, and relationships. This calls into exercise the practice of patience, of minuteness and accuracy of observation, and, eventually, of cautiousness in induction and generalization; all of which, besides their value as elements of mental discipline, are qualities serviceable in an eminent degree in the business of life. Well reasoned, insects, by the mouth of your plenipotentiary!

'What is an insect?' Their interpreter answers:—The popular notion includes under that term spiders, crabs, and lobsters, which have some resemblance to insects; but they may be separated at once by the fact that they have more than six legs. The flea, however, is so anomalous in its structure, that its proper place in the scale of insects is disputed, some authors contending that it belongs to one order, and some to another. A true insect has six legs, four wings, an external skeleton, and undergoes certain metamorphoses. In the class *Diptera*, the perfect insect has two fully-developed wings; but has also two merely rudimentary ones, which are distinguished by the names of halteres, or poisers. The breeze-fly, and all two-winged flies, are examples. In *Coleoptera*, the perfect insect has two fully-developed wings, and two wing-cases which cover the wings. The sexton-beetle and all other beetles are examples. So that the complement of four wings is still in existence, although one pair may be leathery and of little use in flight, as with crickets and grasshoppers, or even very minute and scarcely apparent. All insects proceed from eggs laid by the female parent, except in some cases where the eggs are hatched within the body of the mother; and in a few others, as the aphides, where the ordinary method is supplied for a certain number of generations by a process which has had various interpretations, but which is quite anomalous. For the various phases of metamorphosis amongst insects—which is the

* To the Entomological Society of London.

grand law of insect life—you must make an intimate acquaintance with the creatures themselves.

One of the greatest misfortunes in this world is to lie under a wrongful imputation. Many are the victims whose success has thus been paralyzed by calumny, misunderstanding, or even by accidental mal-a-propos. Give a dog a bad name, and hang him. The same thing happens to the world of moths. The human public reasons thus: Some moths eat clothes, therefore all moths are to be exterminated. The minor proposition is made to contain the major. I have seen people assassinate the gamma-moth (so called because its wings bear the mark of a Greek letter γ), and the great goat-moth, whose caterpillar lives in decayed willow-trees, in revenge for an imagined attack on a Sunday coat. "O! what a big moth!" shout the anti-lepidopterous rioters. "Down with him! Kill him! No moth! No moth! If little moths make holes in my pantaloons, this one is capable of eating them up at a meal." Whereas, he may be as innocent of devouring cloth as a cod-fish is of swallowing iced champagne. He may even be a dress producer, a veritable working silkworm moth, who has already done his duty in his time, for what his furious persecutors know. Moreover, it is not in the shape of moths, but of caterpillars, that clothes-moths commit their ravages. An actual offender (*Tinea pellionella*), a very Jew of moths, to be found throughout all the stages of his existence amongst "old clo," is a brown-complexioned fellow, once a caterpillar with a moveable case, who nourished himself then in some dark closet, where he made a living out of unused garments, and a house which he carried about with him. Unlike many a Christian, he provides well for his children, by depositing his eggs in the land of plenty, and thus taking forethought for their maintenance and bringing-up. Another guilty culprit is *Tinea biselliella*, a sleek, yellow-plush gentleman, who sidles away as you look at him. He spends his time, from youth to maturity, if not under the ermine, yet in as near an approach to it as circumstances permit. He has a dear liking for furs of all sorts; and when he comes out at last in his robes of state, no one would believe how much dirty work had been necessary to procure him all this finery.

After drawing the line between innocent
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and malefactor moths, let us add a word of extenuation in favor of cockroaches. As people keep cats to clear their houses of mice; as hedgehogs are converted into domestic pets, that they may munch up the black-beetles that swarm by night; so, sometimes, it may be expedient to keep cockroaches, that they may indulge their instinct of exterminating a still greater nuisance than themselves; namely, bugs. Webster's Voyage of the Chanticleer informs us that cockroaches are plentiful at Saint Helena. Previous to the ship's arrival there, the crew had suffered great inconvenience from bugs; but the cockroaches no sooner made their appearance, than the bugs entirely disappeared. The cockroach preys upon them, leaving no sign or vestige where they have been; and is, so far, a most valuable and praiseworthy insect. Mr. Newman also acquaints the Entomological Society with the same fact (discovered in a London boarding-house), that the cockroach seeks with diligence, and devours with great gusto, the common bed-bug. He is confident of his informer's veracity, but discreetly refrains from mentioning names or places.

Although we may fancy butterflies and sphinx-moths to be the gayest creatures in existence, it is nevertheless true, that the private lives of certain lepidoptera are troubled by secret sorrows which a casual looker-on would hardly suspect. One of their insidious enemies is a plant! Herbivorous animals are well known, and are supposed to, fall in conveniently with the natural order of things; a less obvious idea is, that there exists, in revenge, carnivorous vegetables. The larva of a hawk-moth, *Hepialus virescens*, is preyed on by the caterpillar-fungus, *Sphæria Robertsii*. The caterpillar buries itself in the earth, to undergo transformation into the perfect insect; while it is lying dormant there, the fungus inserts a root into the nape of its neck, feeds and flourishes on the animal matter, and, without destroying the form of the victim, at last converts it into a mummy. A similar slaughter of larvæ is performed in Van Diemen's Land by a representative fungus, the *Sphæria Gunnii*; and another, *Sphæria Sinensis*, carries on the same work in China; while the *S. entomorrhiza* tries it even in these parts, so far removed from cannibalism. Living wasps have been taken in the West Indies with a fungus growing from their bodies. Still, animal-feeders are not

common among plants, unless we include those orchidaceous flowers which exasperating cultivators assert to live entirely on hair. Talking of hair, the skin disease by which our locks are shorn, is believed to be of fungus origin. In unfavorable seasons, silk-worm caterpillars are destroyed by myriads from the ravages of a minute cryptogamic plant, or mould-fungus, which takes a fancy to grow on their outer integument.

Is everything that crawls a VERMIN, deserving only to be crushed underfoot? Mr. Douglas' report of insects-doing would lead us to respite many humble victims, and at least amuse ourselves for awhile with their drolleries, before carrying the sentence of death into execution. The students at our Inns of Court eat their way onward, and advance to their adult professional state by dining in Hall; so do moths. The larvæ of the pretty little *Eupate gelatella* are internal feeders, living principally in the decayed branches of white-thorn, and, in a great many instances, under the bark of the living stem. The apple-moth, a beautiful little creature, whose wings are studded with silvery-shining specs, as though they were inlaid with precious gems, is hatched from an egg laid, in the middle of June, in the crown of an infant apple. As soon as the egg hatches, the young grub gnaws a tiny hole, and soon buries itself in the substance of the future fruit. He takes care to make himself a ventilator and dust-hole, and then progresses to the centre of the apple, where he feeds at his ease. When within a few days of being full-fed, he, for the first time, enters the core through a round hole gnawed in the hard, horny substance, which always separates the pips from the pulp of the fruit, and the destroyer now finds himself in that spacious chamber which codlings in particular always have in their centre. From this time he eats only the pips, never again tasting the more common pulp, which hitherto had satisfied his unsophisticated palate; now, nothing less than the highly-flavored aromatic kernels will suit his tooth, and on these, for a few days, he feasts in luxury, till it is time for him to eat his way out again. The larvæ of many moths and butterflies, when tired of their present existence, hang themselves; but the act is anything but suicidal. They step out of their coffins as neat as new pins, smartly dressed in a fresh suit of clothes. What do

you think of eggs that grow, and of eggs that have eyes? It would certainly be convenient if we could introduce a race of poultry whose oval produce should possess the former qualification of increasing in size as they lay in the egg-basket, though inexperienced house-keepers might feel a little trepidation at the angry glances shot by eggs threatened with a higher temperature than that required for hatching. In the insect world, such facts do occur. The abominable though glossy and gauzy-winged fly, which is the development of the odious gooseberry-grub, lays very soft and half-transparent white eggs. After the first day, these horrid eggs begin to grow, and before the end of a week, they have grown to three times their original size. The head of the egg always lies towards the tip of the gooseberry-leaf, for the convenience of looking out for squalls, and is remarkable for having two black eyes, placed very far apart, and quite on the sides; indeed, so far asunder are these eyes, that, like the hind-buttons on the coat of a certain illustrious coachman, it is very difficult to bring both into the same field of view.

The humming-bird sphinx does not sit down to take its meals, but feeds, as the lark sings, on the wing, which most people would fancy to be very uncomfortable as well as difficult. Alderman Toocentistun would not like to have to swallow his turtle and punch in a state of bodily suspense, maintained by a rapid vibration of his upper extremities. Jenny Lind may represent the Swedish nightingale; but she cannot personate either the Swedish lark or the Swedish sphinx. But insect eccentricities are endless. Aphides think fit, during the whole of summer, to increase, like tiger-lilies, by buds; just as Sir Thomas Browne wished that mankind could be increased, like willow-trees, by cuttings. A late intelligent orang-outang was fond of taking a lady's shawl, politely and with permission, from her back, and of strutting up and down with it displayed on his own hairy shoulders; in like manner, the larvæ of the *Coleophora grypiperanella* moth borrows the loan of a coat from a rose-leaf. Not content with eating the parenchyma, or fleshy substance between the upper and under skins of the leaf, it makes a covering for its body from the upper skin only, using as much as it wants for its wrapper, which it folds round itself in the most becoming style, leaving one

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end open, through which it protrudes the head and segments bearing the legs; thus attired, it walks about, always carrying its clothing with it, which, as the tenant grows, is increased from time to time by additions of more leaf. Comical things are these moving cones; like tipsy men, they seem always to be in danger of toppling over. But this mishap rarely occurs; and if by accident the caterpillar do lose its hold, it does not fall, but swings down gently by a silken thread kept in readiness for such accidents. One of the beautiful metallic *Adelæ*, or long-horned moths, *Nemotois cupriacellus*, is a sort of Amazon, having sent the gentlemen of their community so completely to Coventry, that the male insect is unknown to collectors; none but females have ever been captured. Our only hope of getting at the masculine gender lies in the astuteness of Mr. Doubleday. That gentleman, a very Ulysses in his dealings with things that fly by night, discovered the attractive powers of swallow blossoms, and about the same time found out that a mixture of sugar and beer, mixed to a consistence somewhat thinner than treacle, is a most attractive bait to the Noctuinæ. The revolution wrought in our collections, and our knowledge of species since its use, is wonderful. Species that used to be so rare, that it seemed hopeless to think of possessing them, and others not then known at all, have become so plentiful by the use of sugar in different localities, that they are a drug in the hands of collectors and dealers. The mixture is taken to the woods, and put upon the trunks of the trees, in patches or stripes, just at dusk. Before it is dark, some moths arrive, and a succession of comers continues all night through, until the first dawn of day warns the revellers to depart. The collector goes soon after dark, with a bull's-eye lantern, a ring-net, and a lot of large pill-boxes. He turns his light full on the wetted place, at the same time placing his net underneath it, in order to catch any moth that may fall. Some species are very fond of this trick; others sit very unconcerned; and others, fly off at the very first glance of the bull's-eye. Once in the net a moth is easily transferred to a pill-box, where it will remain quiet until the next morning. There are some sorts, however, that will not put up with solitary confinement so easily, and fret themselves, that is, their plumage; so it is

better to pin and kill them at once. It is of no avail to use sugar in the vicinity of attractive flowers, such as those of swallow, lime, or ivy. Wasps and bats also come, but not to the collector's assistance. The former are attracted by the sweets, the latter by the moths; and you may see them go in before you, and pick off a beauty that you would not have lost for half-a-dozen sugar-loaves. Armed with sugar as a spell, the collector becomes a sorcerer, and summons to his presence at his will the moths which, like spirits, lie all around, invisible to mortal ken. To carve your sweetheart's name on the trunk of a tree is an old-fashioned piece of gallantry not yet quite obsolete, nor without a certain effect on the fair one; but if you are courting a four-winged lady-love, stick by night on the bark of your tree as many lumps of sugar dipped in ale as there are letters in her surname *moth*, and the chances are that she will be captivated and captured by the bait.

We hear a deal of talk about good men and women; pray what is a good insect? Because, sometimes one of the *Geometrinæ* will come to your lure, and occasionally a good beetle. Not rarely, a good insect may be seen sunning himself on the banks of fences. The Camberwell Beauty and the Purple Emperor are both, it seems, good butterflies. The Captain Bold of Halifax has a rival in the bolder butterfly, *Thecla quercûs*. In July you may see the females walking about on the leaves of the oak trees, sunning themselves, while the males are fluttering in attendance, or are pertinaciously holding a tournament in honor of their high-born dames. In these pugnacious encounters they maul each other severely, and you can hardly capture a male whose wings are free from scratches and tears. It is a pity that some sort of entomological police cannot compel such quarrelsome butterflies to keep the peace. The *Tineinæ*, not so named because they are tiny, have also their characteristic peculiarities. When basking on palings, *Argyresthia* sits with her head downwards, as in a posture of reverence. *Gracilaria* and *Ornix*, on the contrary, hold up their heads, bold and pert; *Elachista* looks as if it tried to squeeze itself into the wood, and *Nepticula* hugs a corner or crevice, and then, as if not satisfied with its station, hurries off to seek another, with a self important

swagger truly ridiculous in such a little creature. Owing to the variety of economy amongst the larvæ of these tiny moths, there can be no general rules laid down for finding them; some are on the leaves, some roll up the leaves, others mine in their substance; some are in the flowers, others in the seeds; some are in the stems, others in the roots; some wander about naked as when they were born, others make garments neat and tidy, or rough and grotesque. There is only one rule to be observed — Search a plant all over, and at different times of the year. You may not find the species of which you were in quest; but, then, you may discover another whose economy is unknown; or, as already more than once has happened, one not hitherto even seen in the perfect state. Thus, if you collect the dry flower-heads of wild marjoram in spring, and put them in a box in-doors, you will soon see what appear to be some of the dry calyces of the flowers, separated from the mass and walking about. Each of these contains a living larva of *Gelechia subocella*, which has made itself in the previous autumn a portable dwelling out of two or three of the flowers, in which it will remain until the following July, when the perfect moth will emerge. In their habitat among the dry florets these cases can scarcely be distinguished from them.

In addition to the obvious and unavoidable difficulties which entomologists have to encounter, they have to bear up against the martyrdom of contempt which the vulgar-minded public inflicts upon them. They are ignominiously nicknamed bug-hunters, and are regarded as a species of lunatic at large. But astronomers and chemists have been equally despised. Galileo, Tycho Brahe, Priestly, and even Davy, have been pitied in their time, especially in the early part of their career, as foolish enthusiasts, whose proper place would be the madhouse, if they were not harmless. To this day, Newton, though looked up to as a philosopher by all, is looked down upon as a madman by many. What was the good, the crowd inquired, of star-gazing and pulling the elements to pieces? But great good, and profit, and safety, and lofty wisdom have been derived from studying the structure of the heavens — that is, of the universe — and from investigating the essential nature of the crude materials which compose our globe. It is

not during its infancy that a science displays its wealth and lavishes its benefits. Entomology may have results in store that we wot not of. Mr. Douglas is persuaded that many things in the structure and physiology of man that are obscure may receive a light from the study of the anatomy and reproduction of insects.

But how are you to fathom the mysteries of insect economy, if you do not pursue and familiarize yourself with insects? Notwithstanding which, it is quite true, as our secretary says, that society throws a wet blanket over entomology in all its branches. Take your water-net and go to a pond or stream in quest of water-beetles, and the passers-by, if they notice you at all, will invariably think you are fishing; or, if they see what you are taking, will ask you if your captures are for baits. If you say Yes, they will think yours a profitable employment; if you say No, you may add as much more in exculpation as you like, you will only pass for a fool. So much for the popular appreciation of natural history — and for your encouragement. Crabbe's allusion to insects as "untax'd and undisputed game," is no longer correct as regards its second epithet; you cannot enter a wood anywhere without fear of being as unceremoniously dealt with as a felon. For example, Coombe Wood, formerly one of the great localities for insects of all kinds, and the grand resort of the London collectors, is now sacred to game alone, under the protection of a royal duke. A collector dare no more set foot within its hallowed precincts than a poacher; it is possible even that, on what was a public road quite through the wood, a sly poacher might be more leniently dealt with than an indiscreet entomologist. A keeper cannot believe that any man would go about in search of insects only; he thinks that an insect net is only a blind for attacks upon the nests of pheasants, and has a strong suspicion that beneath the pill-boxes in your coat pocket you have a gin for a hare.

Mr. Douglas gives various British localities that are rich in curious and rare insects. If the student is inclined to peep at a few easily reached and well-stocked insect preserves on the other side of the Channel, where he will not be exposed to the insolence of Coombe Wood guardian angels, let him try the tops of the cliffs at Etretât, near Havre, taking

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good care not to break his neck — the sandy warren which lies between the camps of Wimereux and Ambleteuse, near Boulogne-sur-Mer — the forest of Guines and Lieques, on calcareous hills — the forest south of Hazebrouck, on an alluvial, loamy, clayey plain; the oaks alone are worth going to see — the forest of Wateau, I think, on gravel — and the track of marsh, pasture, ponds, ditches, cultivated land, and silted-up estuary, which lies within the irregular triangle whose three corners are Calais, St. Omer, and Dunkerque. In three weeks or a month, he will capture as many novelties as will take him a twelve-month to examine and investigate, unless he be a very learned and practised hand.

For house flies in abundance, the reader is recommended to go to Brixen, in the Tyrol. "Never saw so many flies in my life!" was the most striking entry in the travellers' book at the Grand Hotel of something or other. One fine September's afternoon I had

to beg for dinner there; but on being shown into the dining-room objected to the landlord that I did not like eating in a room hung with black. Tablecloth, curtains, and everything else that should have been white, was black. His answer was a flourish with his napkin, when the dark coating arose in buzzing swarms, and filled the air with a living cloud, whose density almost impeded vision across the room. This pleasing travelling souvenir reminds me that a popular account of the early life of house-flies (not blue-bottle blow-flies) is a desideratum. Many people believe that little flies grow into big ones, just as lambs become sheep in the course of time. If you want extra-sized flies, go the German forests; they will astonish you, especially if you do not wear gloves. The only insects to which they can be likened are Hood's famous pair of moths — Mam-moth and Behe-moth.

SCIENCE APPLIED TO GENTLEMEN'S DRESS. — That there is something wanting in the ordinary rules of measuring is practically admitted by the tailors themselves, who are under the necessity of trying upon their customers the skeleton of the coat — when it is advanced so far as the skeleton — before venturing to complete it. The desideratum, however, seems to be now supplied by an ingenious gentleman, who has invented a system of measuring which relieves the tailor from all anxiety, by furnishing him with a pattern which, in order to insure a perfect fit, requires nothing more than to be accurately copied in cloth. This he does by strapping and lacing to the body of the *patient* a universal skeleton of leather, the different pieces of which are not joined; while he places on a table before him a full-sized diagram of the same drawn upon paper. The discrepancies between the living body and the skeleton are of course seen at a glance, and they are easily noted upon the diagram by means of supplementary lines: the diagram thus becoming an unfailing pattern of the coat. The trade, we hear, are unfavorable to this invention; but if so, their hostility must proceed from mistake. It does not abrogate the office of foreman, or cutter, but merely enables that artist to supply himself, by the aid of a quick and accurate eye, with a true pattern instead of a mere attempt at one. It is true, this method requires a few minutes more than the usual plan; but, independently of the accuracy of detail it obtains, it effects a saving of time as well as of trouble in the end to both parties, by doing away with the necessity for a second interview. The inventor has turned his attention to all the other parts of the dress as well as the

coat and trousers, with equal success. The strange sack, for instance, we are accustomed to wear for a shirt, is with him an artistic garment, fitting as closely as necessary to the body, yet easily slipped on, and requiring no fastening either at the neck or wrist. But perhaps the greatest of his triumphs is the gaiter. With the assistance of his model, you may place a bit of cloth of any kind flat upon a table, and with a few movements of your scissors you will have at once a beautifully fitting gaiter, wanting only the strap and buttons to be ready for wearing. The address of the inventor, whose name is Stewart, is 72 Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, and 85 Regent Street, London.

THE FAITHLESS PERSIAN. — We brought with us to Constantinople, all the way from Teheran, two Persian men-servants and a Persian nurse. One of the former was engaged to be married to the nurse, who was a widow, on their return to Teheran. Next door to the hotel where we resided lived a family of Perotes, among whom were several young ladies remarkably well-looking. They spent several hours daily in walking up and down before their door, without bonnets or shawls, gaily attired in nicely-fitting dresses. They completely absorbed and bewildered our two Persians, who devoted the day to gazing on these hours, and in lamenting they could not take wives like these back to Persia. The nurse was forgotten; and she became excessively angry, abused her betrothed, and said she could never bestow another thought on such a fool as he proved himself to be. — *Lady Sheil's Life and Manners in Persia.*

From The Spectator, 7 June.

THE DEMISE OF POLAND.

AN Emperor of Russia has spoken the true word respecting Poland. Addressing a Polish deputation at Warsaw, he is reported to have said that he came among them oblivious of the past, and animated with the best intentions for the future: the happiness of Poland depends on her union with Russia: he would do his part; it was for the Poles to do theirs: "but I repeat to you, gentlemen, — no reveries, no reveries!" Good advice for Europe as well as for Poland: henceforth let us grapple with the hard facts, let us no longer indulge in delusive reveries. Poland is gone; Poland is already half-Russian; in a few years she will be entirely Russian: Europe has weakly surrendered one of her bulwarks of defence; she must take the consequences.

It is never too late to get a firm grasp of the facts. Poland was seized, in an hour of weakness, by Russia, Austria, and Prussia, and cut into three pieces, Russia getting the biggest and most important section. Austria and Prussia bought their share at a very dear rate; the partition of Poland was a bad bargain for them: but that partition is a fact, one of the hardest facts in modern European history. Europe was greatly interested about Poland; hogsheads of ink, mountains of paper, have been spoiled in treating of the topic. Napoleon le Grand had an opportunity of making a kingdom of Poland, as he made kingdoms of Wurtemberg and Saxony; he let that opportunity slip by, and paid the penalty in the retreat from Moscow. Lord Castlereagh negotiated on the matter; and at Vienna they stipulated that Poland should have representative institutions, a separate army, and what not. In England we danced over the wrongs of Poland, in France they spouted over them. But as neither dancing nor eloquence can resist bayonets or silence cannon, so it was that Poland remained as she was, the treaty of Vienna notwithstanding. In 1830 the Poles made a last effort for themselves — neither dancing nor speechifying, but fighting like men of sense. Alas! it availed them nothing. They were beaten by overwhelming odds. From that day to this the hold of Russia on Poland has been growing firmer and stronger; the policy of absorption has been carried out; and as that policy made its way bit by bit, the Russian Government made it secure. The natural strength of Poland as a military position was tripled by the erection of a chain of fortresses from Galicia to West Prussia. The position of Poland was like that of a prisoner who must

not only do the behests of his gaoler but do them in irons. The policy of absorption was carried out in violation of the treaty of Vienna; and all we could oppose to that violation was public speaking, and the Terpsichorean mysteries of the Guildhall. There is not a more humiliating page in the history of modern Europe than that which contains the record of the dastardly submission of Germany and the West to the fall of Poland and the violation of the treaty of Vienna.

In acquiring this barrier state from and against Europe, in rigorously carrying out the policy of absorption, Russia may plead in mitigation of her offence, that the treaty of Vienna has been violated in so many ways that one violation more or less can be of little consequence. If the Emperor were reminded that absorption is as contrary to the spirit as the absence of representative institutions is to the letter of the treaty, might he not appropriately reply by pointing to that notable article which provides that no member of the Bonaparte family shall sit on the throne of France? How could we meet that? The European barrier state has been broken down by the consequences of former errors and crimes; Russia has pursued one policy unscrupulously ever since the arms of Munich placed Augustus of Saxony on the throne; England has perorated and danced; France has made revolutions. No wonder that Russia triumphs, and that Poland dies.

Two direct consequences follow from this. It will be a mockery and a snare to encourage the unfortunate refugees in the belief that anybody will do anything for them: it is henceforth impossible to wrest Poland from Russia unless at the expense of a bloody war for that avowed purpose. Is such a war likely to take place? Certainly not. Germany, whose frontiers, nay, whose capitals are, so to speak, under the guns of Poland, although the most interested is the most powerless. Diplomatic Europe is precluded from intervention on behalf of the treaty of Vienna, because, among other things, one of the parties is of the family of Bonaparte! War, at present, to drive out the Russian and form a barrier state, is a perfectly preposterous idea: yet we might as well manfully recognize the fact, that only by a determined and energetic war could we drive out the Muscovite and set up a solid barrier in Northern Europe. The Polish question is now, in the main, a German question: but Poland is absorbed; Germany is impotent; and Europe looks upon its great treaties as waste paper. Well might the Czar exclaim, "No reveries, gentlemen, no reveries!"

From *The Economist*, 14 June.

A PLEA FOR THE ANNEXATION OF CENTRAL AMERICA BY THE UNITED STATES.

THE question as to the permanent and deliberate policy to be pursued by this country in its relation with the United States is far wider, graver, and more difficult than that which concerns the settlement of the present dispute between the two governments. That may be arranged in several ways, or may not be arranged at all. It may be compromised; it may be suffered to drop; it may be a matter for the continued interchange of hostile diplomatic notes; it may be fanned into an actual war by angry, indiscreet, or dishonest politicians; or it may issue in speedy hostilities, without any deliberate intention on the part of either government, in case any hot-headed naval commander or ill-meaning consul should proceed to some irrevocable action which their superiors may not choose to disavow, and which may arouse the fierce passions of one or other people.

In this last possibility undoubtedly lies the real danger. Reckless and unscrupulous as we believe President Pierce and some, at least, of his cabinet to be, we acquit them of being so mad or so wicked as designedly to force on a war for their own party purposes. They go so near the critical line of demarcation, because they fancy there is no danger of stepping over it. If they had thought hostilities probable, they would have been far more shy of provoking them. But their subordinates may easily go over the precipice on the verge of which *they* have been content to walk. They, as well as we, have ships of war on the Central American station — with what instructions furnished we know not. Under these circumstances it is obvious that an intemperate or blundering captain, on either side, may bring on a collision, and the first shot fired may place the dispute beyond the control of any minister. Therefore, though it is understood that the last dispatches from the government at Washington have been couched in a tone which gives greater hope than was expected of an amicable solution of our differences, we cannot but feel deep anxiety as to the result.

But we will suppose the matter settled for the time without blows, either by a reference of the dispute by arbitration or by an abrogation of the unlucky treaty which has given rise to such discrepant interpretations. The main question to which we drew attention last week will still, however, remain behind. Sooner or later, slowly or rapidly, decently or brutally, on one pretext or another, with or without disguise, it is certain that the

United States will seek to extend their sway by process of absorption and annexation over the whole of Mexico and Central America, and to stretch their Republican Empire from Maine to the Isthmus of Panama. In contemplation of this prospect, what is to be the policy of Great Britain? Are we called upon to prevent this consummation? Could we prevent it? Ought we, in wisdom and in righteousness, to endeavor to prevent it?

It is no doubt painful to all just and generous minds to stand by and witness wrong and oppression inflicted by the strong upon the weak, to be spectators of high-handed iniquity, to permit and in a manner to connive at, spoliation and injustice, by not interposing to forbid them. The best instincts of our nature would, in private life, revolt against this acquiescent inaction. But as nations we must not be guided simply by our instinctive feelings, however amiable, generous, and powerful they may be; we must take into account a wide range of considerations; we must endeavor to ascertain what course of action is likely on *the whole* to be most conducive to good, and what policy, therefore, an enlightened sense of duty would lead us to adopt.

Now, though nations must never perpetrate wrong, it by no means follows that they are bound, or would be wise or right, in all cases to interfere to prevent its perpetration. Each case must stand upon its own merits. We are not charged with the general police of the universe. We cannot undertake knight-errantry throughout the whole world. We may interpose to protect our immediate friends, or special allies, or close connections, those to whom we are bound by affection, those to whom we are linked by interest — without entailing upon ourselves the obligation to defend also the distant and the unrelated. We may properly enough take up arms to resent one wrong or to beat back one encroachment, yet with equal propriety decline to punish analogous wrongs elsewhere, or to repel all similar encroachments. We must do what we can — what most concerns us — what lies within our special power, our close cognizance, our easy reach. It is no accurate or cogent logic that would constrain us, because we have protected the weak and baffled the robber in Europe and at home, to pursue the same course at the antipodes and in another hemisphere. To do so would be simply out of our power and beyond our scope. It is a policy which we could not carry out, and which therefore we should not be wise and are not called upon to undertake. In many cases we should not be able to pronounce a certain and authoritative judgment, and in

many more we should not be able to enforce our sentence, or to enforce it without doing more harm than good. To announce that we disclaim the vocation of righting all wrongs and punishing all crimes all over the world, may possibly be an encouragement to the wrong-doer — but it is an encouragement which we cannot help affording.

Therefore, though we see clearly whither the aggressive and avaricious passions of the United States are leading them; though we hold their absorbing and annexing policy to be criminal and unchristian; though we are convinced that like all other crime it will entail its own certain and bitter penalty, — yet we do not hesitate to say that it is not for England to take upon herself either to award or to inflict that penalty. On the head of the guilty nation be the condemnation and the consequences of the guilt. We could not hinder the ultimate absorption by the Anglo-Saxon republicans of the whole of Central-America if we would; and we are by no means certain that we would if we could.

For, in the first place, all experience has shown us that the weak *cannot* permanently be protected against the strong, unless in the most peculiar and exceptional cases. It would not be for the welfare of the world that they should be so protected. It is not for the good of humanity that a sickly existence should be artificially prolonged. But even were it desirable, it would not be possible as a continuance. In the case of races, it is especially impossible. You cannot prevent the Red Indian from being gradually crushed and effaced by the white man, and it is avowedly idle to attempt it. You cannot forever uphold the semi-civilized, semi-Spanish, degenerate Mexicans or Nicaraguans — with their incurable indolence and their eternal petty squabbles — with their effeminate habits and their enfeebled powers — against the hasting, rushing, unresting, inexhaustible energies of the Anglo-Saxon Americans. Criminal, coarse, violent as they often are, it cannot be denied that they rule and conquer by virtue of superior manhood. And you can no more enable the Spanish Creole to make head against the Yankee adventurer, than you can preserve the Australian savage side by side with the Scotch or English settler. You may prolong their unavailing struggles; you may postpone their dying day: but would you thereby be doing any real good or conferring any real kindness on the feeblar race? Is it not certain that the lot of those fine provinces will in the end be higher and happier under American than under Mexican and Spanish rule? — that their resources will be more fully and more rapidly developed? — that

their future will be nobler and grander? — that the humanity they will sustain and give forth a century hence will be more advanced and more morally and intellectually deserving of existence? Is it not always a mistake to seek to maintain the lower against the higher civilization? And though these considerations and this conviction are no justification to the United States for their aggressive and piratical policy — since fraud and violence must be always crimes — yet they are an ample justification to us for not taking up arms to oppose that policy, which — sinful as it is — we cannot regard as ultimately noxious to the world.

Again, we can have no interest in upholding the present wretched and feeble governments of Spanish America. Our interest lies all the other way. We wish ourselves for no extension of territory on that continent. We are half inclined to regret that we hold any possessions at all there south of the Union. Desiring no territory, we desire only prosperous, industrious, civilized, and wealthy customers.

Central America peopled and *exploited* by Anglo-Saxons will be worth to us tenfold its present value. We have no fear that our countrymen will be excluded from the commerce of those provinces. We have no fear that our ships will be prohibited from crossing that Isthmus when the two seas shall be joined by a canal. Neither as philanthropists nor as merchants therefore — neither as friend of progress nor as lovers of lucre — can we have any wish to oppose what we yet must perceive are the designs of America, and what in the eye of morality we cannot too decidedly condemn.

But we are prepared to go still further, and to say that, looking at the matter as politicians, we see every ground for anticipating good from the dreaded and the guilty consummation, and every reason for abstaining from all active intervention to avert it. We incline to believe that (the questions of Ruanan colonization and Mosquito protectorates once formally disposed of) this consummation may bring at once peace to England, retribution to the criminal ambition of the American government, and ultimate and incalculable aid to the best interests of the human race. We look to the severance of the Union into two or three separate states as the event which will be the salvation of America and the security of Europe; we are satisfied that the extension of the federal territories towards the South will bring about that severance; and there can be no doubt that the only thing which could postpone that severance, and bind the northern states to the guilty and suicidal policy of the federal government, would be our interference to op-

pose it. The New England states and the free states generally are well aware that these seizures and annexations towards the tropics are done mainly in the interest of slavery, and on that account they are vehemently hostile to all such proceedings. If left to themselves, and unirritated by foreign intervention, they will take up the matter as one vitally affecting the great internal question of the Union; for they feel that their success or failure, their position, their preponderance, are the points really and immediately at issue: the absorption of Mexico and Central America renders the indefinite augmentation of the slave states not only possible but certain; and in the severance of the Union will the free states then be compelled to seek emancipation from the degrading connection and the indelible blot. A federation embracing such irreconcilable and diametrically opposed elements cannot be maintained when once a solution of the dividing question has been made hopeless by being postponed forever; and an empire reaching from Maine to Panama — from the tropics to the frozen ocean — cannot be long bound in one chain or governed from one centre. The severance of the Union has long “loomed in the distance” — usually as a fear, latterly almost as a hope; the actual condition of the slavery question, evidently drawing to a crisis, indicates that the day for its realization is probably near at hand, if we do not mar the evolution of the problem by external opposition; and when the great Republic is split up into three, Europe and America will both be saved. The States, thus divided, will no longer be formidable externally; they will mutually keep each other in order, and compress, control and civilize each other. Boundless tracts of unpeopled territory may for long years keep the West in a state of semi-barbarism, — but their barbarism will no longer be formidable to others. Unfettered fields for slave labor may render slavery comparatively permanent; — but the slave republic will at least be homogeneous, will display its own defects and bear its own burden and its own reproach. And the North, liberated at length from the millstone round its neck and the cancer at its heart, will rapidly improve in tone and character, and embody the civilization of Europe with the youth and freshness of transatlantic energy.

From The Economist (Ministerial), 21 June.

THE RETENTION OF MR. DALLAS.

SINCE we addressed our readers last week on the subject of our pending differences with America, two decisions have been taken, both of first-rate importance. Our Government have determined *not* to retaliate for

the dismissal of Mr. Crampton by visiting their natural displeasure on the unoffending American Minister at this Court, Mr. Dallas; and Mr. Buchanan, the late Envoy, has been selected by the Convention at Cincinnati as the Democratic, and therefore probably the successful, candidate for the next Presidency.

The dismissal of the British Ambassador from Washington by the United States Government, strong and even uncourteous as such a measure, taken by itself, unquestionably is, was still, it cannot be denied, a proceeding quite within the competence of a Sovereign Power which conceived itself aggrieved by his acts, and which had in vain requested his recall. Its natural sequence and reply would, no doubt, have been a corresponding proceeding on our part, viz., the dismissal of Mr. Dallas, and the cessation of all diplomatic intercourse with the country or the Administration which he represented. Such a course would have been quite in accordance with established precedent, quite warranted by circumstances, and quite exempt from just blame, had our Government decided to pursue it. But after mature consideration, and acting on the best judgment they could form on the aggregate of facts within their cognizance — a cognizance not, perhaps, as complete and certain as could have been desired — they determined to forego their strict right of retaliation, and to allow Mr. Dallas to remain. The reasons which guided them to this conclusion were, we apprehend, these.

In the first place, the uncourteous action was accompanied with the most courteous words. The President expresses himself perfectly satisfied with the explanations and disclaimers of Her Majesty's Government on the Recruitment question; states his strong conviction that, had Lord Clarendon been fully aware of the real proceedings of our Ambassador or been in possession of *all* the proofs of his alleged misconduct, he would have taken the same view of it as the President has done, and would not have hesitated to recall the obnoxious Minister; and puts forward, as the most cogent motive for his dismissal, the consideration that his unauthorized actions and misrepresenting despatches had done and were doing so much towards impairing and endangering the amicable relations between the two countries. At the same time the President expresses his earnest hope that this unusual and extreme proceeding on his part will not be construed by Great Britain as an act of wilful discourtesy and offence, and, to intimate still further that his complaint is not against Great Britain, but against Mr. Crampton personally, he does not cease relations with

the Embassy, but allows the Secretary of Legation to continue at his post.

Now, it is true that this courteous and conciliatory language is by no means in unison with that which was held by the President and some of his advisers at an earlier period of the dispute. It is true that even on a very recent occasion (the message to the Senate on the acknowledgment of the filibustering Government of Nicaragua) Mr. Pierce went out of his way to use expressions both unbecoming and offensive. It is true that the written and spoken words of Mr. Cushing and his Deputy-Attorney-General on occasion of the trial of Hertz were as gratuitously irritating and unseemly towards our Government as effort and ingenuity could render them, and that Mr. Cushing is still a member of Mr. Pierce's Cabinet and that his Deputy still retains his office. It is true that Lord Clarendon's explanation and apology—now received as ample and satisfactory—is the same which six months ago was rejected by the President after having been accepted by Mr. Buchanan. Still the official despatch, on which we have to judge and act, is studiously civil and does what it can to smooth away the official deed; and it is not very easy, nor very dignified, nor very wise to take offence when offence is disclaimed, even when there may be reason to believe that offence is intended.

Then, though it would not have been right for us to recall Mr. Crampton on the charge of having committed certain illegal and annoying actions, as long as we had no proof and no adequate presumption of his having really been guilty of those actions; yet neither would it have been proper to have so completely identified ourselves with him as we should have done had we dismissed Mr. Dallas, unless we were thoroughly satisfied that he had *not* been guilty of those actions. And considering the quantity of cumulative evidence and affidavits which Mr. Marcy forwarded to our Government by last mail in proof of Mr. Crampton's complicity and imprudence; considering that these documents, though they may not be convincing to us, may obviously enough have been convincing to the authorities at Washington; considering also that, on Monday last (when it was necessary to come to a decision on the matter), we had not been able to hear Mr. Crampton's rejoinder and defence, or to ascertain whether that defence was complete and satisfactory,—it is clear that we could not *positively* say that Mr. Crampton had *not* been wrong, and yet only on that assumption would the dismissal of Mr. Dallas have been fully justified. If it should, on investigation, turn out that Mr. Crampton had acted imprudently and irritatingly, and had

given reasonable ground of offence to the Government at Washington, their conduct in dismissing him would not have been altogether blameable, nor ours (had we, while in doubt, dismissed Mr. Dallas) wholly defensible and just.

Further. It is plain now, and we have both in words and by actions distinctly admitted, that our endeavor to recruit volunteers from the United States was a blunder. The conduct of the authorities there has been unquestionably culpable, but that does not fully exonerate us. The truth obviously is, that we were advised by Mr. Crampton to attempt, and authorized him to carry out, a course which could not be pursued without the certainty of getting into difficulties. We had the sincerest desire to avoid violating the laws of the Union, or giving cause of offence to its Rulers, while recruiting on the other side of the water; we gave strict orders and we took vast pains to that effect. But it was all in vain. The thing was simply impossible. Mr. Marcy might have told us so from the beginning. It was, in fact, an attempt to do and not to do the same thing at once. As soon as we discovered this we abandoned the project. But it may well be that, in this endeavor to compass an impossibility, our agent may have given much annoyance and have overstepped the limits of the law. It may well be that, if he was zealous in the cause, he may have been longer than we were in perceiving that the difficulty was an *impossibility*,—may have pushed matters too far, and may have persevered too long. At all events, our Government felt that as his dismissal arose out of the enlistment business, and as that business was in itself and from the outset a mistake and a misfortune, a quarrel *so originating* was one rather to be compromised and soothed than embittered or pushed home by pertinacious stubbornness or prompt retaliation.

Again, the cessation of diplomatic relations with a proud and excitable people—even when done merely in retaliation—especially such cessation at a moment when questions of great interest and significance are pending,—is so decided a measure, and one calculated to create so much uneasiness and alarm in the commercial world, and one which might possibly though not necessarily entail such serious consequences,—that it was felt that, if taken at all, it should be taken with the utmost universal concurrence of all political parties. It should not be done by the decision of a bare majority. It should not be the act of one Government,—which a succeeding Government might dissent from and reverse. It should be the deliberate and preponderating, if not the

unanimous expression of the country's will and policy. Unless it were so, it would not carry with it to America the moral weight which was desirable and which alone could render it influential and decisive. Now, it was obvious that it could not be this, nor could be made to appear this. It was notorious that a large part of the community feared that a serious quarrel might arise out of the dispute if Mr. Dallas were sent home, and were not prepared to embark in a quarrel of which the first seed was sown by a mistake on our part. It was notorious also that some leading politicians, little disposed in general to submit to insult or dictation, were by no means satisfied that our Minister at Washington had not given just ground of complaint, and were little inclined to prosecute a dispute where there was any flaw in our claim or any weak point in our position. Unhappily also, and to the great discredit of our public men, it was well known that there were a few—not perhaps much respected or very influential, but still ripe and powerful for mischief—who would not have scrupled to embrace and argue in open Senate the cause of America, if by so doing they saw a chance of annoying, damaging, or displacing their political antagonists. Under these circumstances it might naturally be deemed wiser to acquiesce in a rude and harsh proceeding rather than resent it with divided councils in the Senate and hesitating feelings in the country.

When to these considerations were added the further ones, that the conduct of the Government at Washington was condemned by many of the best and soberest men of their own country both in the Senate and in private life; that that Government had only a short remaining tenure of office, and might probably be succeeded by more moderate, more decorous, and more just men; that by exaggerating the dispute into a quarrel we might be playing their game and aiding their sinister designs and staving off for their benefit an internal crisis which must come sooner or later, and which seems fast hastening to a *dénouement*; that we cannot expect from the American people the amenities or decorums of language and proceeding which prevail in the intercourse of more settled States; and that this sending away of objectionable or unacceptable foreign ministers appears to have been by no means an uncommon practice among the Americans, and to have been usually passed over by other States as a breach of manners pardonable enough, perhaps, in rough Republicans;—and finally, when it was noticed that an opening seemed to be offered, by the published instructions to Mr. Dallas, for an accommodation of the Central American contro-

versy,—we see not only that there may have been sufficient grounds for the pacific decision at which our Government has arrived, but that in all likelihood that decision was a righteous and a wise one. The result will show whether our forbearance will be appreciated as it deserves, or misconstrued as perhaps it may be.

From The Spectator, 21 June.

HAVING taken their time for reflection, Ministers announced in both Houses of Parliament, on Monday, the course which they intended to take on the receipt of the last communications from the United States. Lord Palmerston endeavored to give to these declarations an appearance of spontaneity: "If no Member had expressed a wish to hear an explanation from the Government," he said, "Ministers could not have allowed a day to pass without putting the House in possession of their intentions on the subject." The American Government had intimated, that though it thought fit to discontinue relations with Mr. Crampton, in consequence of which he had left Washington, that Government did not intend to go to the extent of a rupture of diplomatic relations with this country. Ministers, then, "considering the question in all its bearings, have not deemed it their duty to advise her Majesty to suspend diplomatic intercourse with the American Minister at this court."

Lord John Russell stated precedents,—the dismissal of M. Poussin the French Ambassador in America in Louis Philippe's day, and of Mr. Jackson the British Minister in America in 1809; steps which neither the Government of England nor of France retaliated. These precedents no doubt should have had weight with our Government, on merely technical grounds; but still more in supplying for the action of the United States a definitive warrant which must have induced the Government at Washington to believe that it could take the course of dismissing a disagreeable or troublesome Minister without necessarily interrupting friendly relations.

But we suspect that among the "considerations" with Lord Palmerston confessedly took into view, the very fact of Lord John Russell's rendering himself the organ for expressing the general public opinion upon the dismissal of Mr. Crampton and the continuance of Mr. Dallas, exercised a still stronger influence on the Cabinet than the precedents, or the political consequences of retaliation. Lord John Russell was cheered when he said that England and America have great duties to perform, which they must not sacrifice by mutual conflict; and Lord Palmerston was cheered when he announced that he did not intend to break off

friendly relations with the American Government.

Mr. Disraeli, who seized the occasion to read both England and America a homily on their respective pretensions, did his best to fasten upon our Government the blame of having incurred some humiliation in the dismissal of Mr. Crampton. There is no doubt that this feeling does exist in English society—chiefly, perhaps, among those classes who are most elevated in rank and who stand socially nearest to the Government. There is an apprehension that the success of the United States in turning out Mr. Crampton and making our Government submit will incite President Pierce's countrymen to expressions of triumph offensive to this country. But if we have incurred any disgrace through the dismissal of Mr. Crampton, it is our own doing: if we sent to that country a man who was unequal to his post—if, notwithstanding the first evidence of his unfitness, we persisted in retaining him there—the humiliation is the direct penalty which we have brought upon ourselves by suffering our affairs to be so conducted; and we ought to draw profit out of punishment: if we would spare ourselves these crosses for the future, we must take care to prevent them by conducting our affairs better.

The position taken by Lord Palmerston had the immediate effect of averting the attack of the organized Opposition. Mr. Baillie had given notice of a motion casting censure upon the Government for having drawn upon itself the humiliation; the motion was at last fixed for Thursday; Mr. Baxter had given notice of an amendment, expressing a friendly feeling towards the United States, but taking the sting out of the original motion. As soon as Lord Palmerston had stated the course which Ministers intended to take, the disappointment of the Opposition was manifested in Mr. Disraeli's speech. If Ministers had been hostile to America, he stood ready to oppose them, no doubt as the champion of commerce and friendly intercourse; but since friendly intercourse was *not* to be broken off, in sticking to the duty of opposing, he was obliged to attack America as much as Ministers. The position for his party became untenable, and Mr. Baillie's motion, first postponed, then softened to suit the change of affairs, was at last withdrawn from the Notice-paper.

From The Examiner, 21 June

THE CONDUCT OF GOVERNMENT ON THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

A FEW days ago we were rejoicing for the restoration of peace. How much more due are rejoicings for the preservation of peace. And much indeed has been the gratulation,

hearty the satisfaction, at the announcement of the decision of Ministers not to suspend diplomatic relations with the American Government. It is a wise resolve, and does honor to the counsels of the country, unswayed by pique or passion. "To act by the rule of contraries," says Bacon, "is to make another's folly the master of your own wisdom." Our Ministry has avoided this vulgar fault. It has not let another's willfulness be master of its own wisdom. It will not be the copyist of a bad course of action. It holds its own path, keeping to the side of reason and right. Certain we are that the world will know how to appreciate this conduct, and that it will regard with respect the forbearant, temperate bearing of a great power in the completest state of preparation for war, but not to be tempted by her sense of might to swerve from what she deems just and prudent. There are some few hot spirits that say the Americans will mistake this conduct, and suppose that England quails. We do not think so ill of any considerable and intelligent portion of the people of the United States, but if so it were, our Government is to shape its course according to its views of fitness, and not to be deterred from that line of action by apprehensions of vain-glorious misjudgments. We are told to lay our account with further demands and encroachments. We are content to wait for them, and to deal with them when they come. It is indeed time that there should be an end of these differences with the people with whom it is most important that we should be on terms of perfect concord. As yet it is too true that differences with the United States have only been surmounted to open a view of new differences, Alps rising on Alps. Of this there must be an end; for endurance will be found to have bounds, if exactions have none. The remedy ought to be in the good sense of the American nation, but unfortunately, in their form of government, the people are powerless during the four years of the President's tenure of power. They cannot, as we can, arrest courses of conduct repugnant and alarming. They can only look on and murmur while the Government is doing acts pregnant with future mischief, and committing the country to embroilments, from which a change of Presidency, when the time comes, may not be able to relieve it.

We are sorry to see a disposition to turn the American question to factious account. As the differences have been pushed to extremity on the other side of the Atlantic for a party triumph, so on this a similar unworthy use appears likely to be made of them. Upon Lord Clarendon's announcement of the determination of the Govern-

ment not to suspend diplomatic relations with the American Government, Lord Derby spoke as follows:

"In the absence of the papers it would be extremely premature to enter into any discussion upon the subject; but I personally rejoice at the announcement which has been made by the noble earl. *I rejoice for this reason*, because, although I deeply regret the course pursued by the United States' Government, yet I believe that it is impossible for us to vindicate the steps taken, and the conduct pursued by our Minister, and those under whose authority he acted; and, believing that the United States' Government *have a just cause of complaint against us*, I *rejoice* that her Majesty's Government by acquiescing in the withdrawal of Mr. Crampton and the Consuls *have sanctioned the opinion that America has a just cause of complaint against this country in this matter*. At the present moment I will not enter into a discussion of the merits of the cause. *I rejoice*, however, that *we have acknowledged our error*, although undoubtedly we have done so by submitting to that which I must say is humiliating on the part of this country to submit to—namely, the removal by the authority of the United States of the Minister of this country."

Lord Derby does not thus rejoice at the prospect of peace, he does not rejoice at counsels tending to that blessed end, but he rejoices that his opponents are in fault and have acknowledged their error. The inference is obviously unfair, but if it were logical and just, how little, how pitiful would be the exultation at an opponent's humiliation, while there was so much reason for gladness at the improved prospect of peace. There should have been no room for a thought about party in a statesman's mind upon the occasion that moved Lord Derby to the declaration quoted. The interests of two great peoples, the interests of humanity, should have wholly filled his thoughts.

And if the resolution taken had implied (as it does not) a confession of error, how anxiously should any reference to that admission have been avoided. For the feeling should have been, here is a Government which, conscious of error, and knowing that a certain line of policy conducive to peace would be an acknowledgment of error, has nevertheless had the greatness and honesty to adopt the course which the interests of the country require, cost what it may to its own reputation in respect of antecedents. If such had been the fact, the fault, had it been ten times as great, would have been atoned for by the honest and wise conduct confessing it, and a just and generous mind would have seen nothing but the expiation. However honorable the case supposed might be to the Government, the inference upon which it rests is quite arbitrary. There is

not necessarily any confession of error in not breaking off diplomatic relations with the American Government because it has dismissed Mr. Crampton. Consistently with this resolution, our Government is not bound to admit the misconduct of Mr. Crampton, but may, in effect, be understood to say to the American Government,—“Because you dismiss our Envoy without reason, we will not dismiss your Envoy without reason. We will not meet wrong with wrong, but wrong with right.”

There was a phrase once very hacknied, but which got into ridicule by its flagrant misapplication that it is now never heard. The conduct of the Administration on the American question should revive it, and we may now dare to speak of “the wisdom of Government.” The question was not without difficulty; two opposite courses were open, and for either there was a large following, for either also a formidable opposition. False pride pointed strongly to the one, suggesting the shame of suffering affront, and lowering the dignity of the country in the eyes of the world; arguments too often accepted without question. Our Government has not been the dupe of these fancies. It has seen no wisdom or dignity in the conduct which bears a name as vulgar and little as its nature, the tit for tat. It has not insisted on being desperately offended, and desperately unreasonable in consequence. “I am not sore where I am not sore,” said a great wit who did not think sensitiveness a concomitant of strength. The dignity of England has no places sore to tenderness. A great nation may well be above a small affront, and let it pass as an idle thing. The course taken is approved by the good sense of the public, and if a Tit-for-Tat Party should arise, it will only make itself supremely ridiculous.

Much do we regret that Lord Derby has not upon the present great national question manifested the same spirit that so honorably marked his conduct throughout the Russian war. He won our respect in that contest by holding himself superior to party tactics, and keeping steadily in view the interests and honor of the country. If he knew how well he acts this lofty part, he never would stoop to any other.

From The Spectator, 21 June.

THE AMERICAN PROPOSAL.

THE effect of Mr. Marcy's dispatches, coupled with the reception of them by our Government, is, that the Military Recruiting question is closed, and the Central American question has a new starting-point.

But although the Recruiting question is closed, it is desirable to form a distinct con-

ception of the position in which our representative at Washington has been finally placed, in order that we may more clearly understand the actual relation between the two Governments. We intimated last week a doubt whether Mr. Crampton had been equal to the exigencies of his post, and the evidence transmitted by the American Government goes far to confirm that doubt. It would appear from the papers which have been published, that Mr. Crampton had obtained a certain qualified sanction from Mr. Marcy for the attempt at obtaining recruits within the territory of the United States; but Mr. Marcy affirms that our representative never reported to him those details upon which the legality or illegality of the enterprise positively depended. There is great reason to doubt also, from the statements of those papers, from Mr. Crampton's previous letters, and from the language of our Ministers in Parliament, whether our representative at Washington had reported to his own principals at home the measures that he had really taken. They were of course speaking on his information when they affirmed that he had not broken the laws of the United States, and that he had not personally taken any part in the enlistment of recruits. But in these papers we find many accumulated and mutually corroborating proofs that the Consular officers in New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, were the officers of enlistment; that the Consular agents were in communication with Mr. Crampton; and that the more immediate officers of the Anglo-American Legion were in direct communication with the British Minister at Washington. The question of the enlistment now closed, the American Government expressing itself quite satisfied with the explanation of our Ministers, the only importance of the new evidence presented consists in its bearings on Mr. Crampton's general conduct. It certainly exhibits a state of facts incompatible with the solemn assurances of our Ministers in Parliament; and as we are to presume that our Ministers were speaking according to the information transmitted to them by Mr. Crampton, we must suppose that his reports were so incomplete, were so much modified by reserves, as to mislead his principals.

The consideration has rather an important bearing upon the past stages of the Central American negotiations, and therefore upon the new point of departure. Mr. Crampton had reported that Mr. Clayton had in private expressed an opinion contrary to that of the American Government on the interpretation of the Bulwer-Clayton treaty. It did appear improbable that Mr. Clayton should have expressed an opinion entirely contradictory

of that which he had stated in the American Legislature; but the point is not left to probability or to the denial of Mr. Clayton alone. His denial is confirmed by Mr. Crittenden, a man of the most unquestioned character for probity, discretion, and correctness; it is also confirmed by Mr. Fish, an hereditary landed proprietor, who belongs to the highest aristocracy of the United States, and is considered to be of strong English sympathies. It is difficult, therefore, to reject the belief that Mr. Crampton has by some mistake been betrayed into a statement the reverse of the fact. Everybody, no doubt, will be inclined to let bygones be bygones so far as Mr. Crampton is personally concerned; but it is important to notice the effect which this information is likely to have had upon our Government, who must of course have modified their views respecting the probability of concessions on the other side when they learned that Mr. Clayton himself abandoned the American interpretation of the treaty. The gossip which may be collected and transmitted in private letters is of very questionable importance, but it is important that the representative whom a Government maintains resident in a foreign country should not supply his chiefs with information positively calculated to mislead. By the removal of Mr. Crampton, one source of obscurity, and therefore of misunderstanding, respecting the question of Central America, has been removed.

Mr. Marcy proposes that the matter of Central America shall be settled by direct negotiation between the English and American Governments; but he suggests that the disputed points which constitute the material difficulties in the case shall be referred to parties competent to decide them. The proposal differs in many respects from any previous plan of arbitration; and in order to understand on what footing the subject is now placed by this new proposal, the reader should remember how the question arose. Professedly, the United States claim no occupation or jurisdiction in any part of the territory in question; Great Britain also makes no pretention to interfering with the limits of the independent states of Central America, but claims the right of protecting the Mosquito Indians in the enjoyment of their own land and independence, also the right of occupying the tract on the coast of Central America called the Belize settlement. Both these claims are based upon ancient usage and past treaty-stipulations with Spain, obligatory upon the successors to the Spanish territory. Great Britain also claims the island of Ruatan, on the ground of a *de facto* occupation and colonization by British subjects, by whom it was treated in the first in-

stance as a dependancy of the settlement of Belize. As between the United States and Great Britain there is no question excepting such questions as arise under the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, by which these powers were reciprocally bound not to exercise on their own part any territorial jurisdiction, and not to fortify or occupy any lands within the tract to which the treaty referred. The United States Government accuses Great Britain of transgressing the limits assigned to it by that convention, first, in actually colonizing the island of Ruatan, which, say the United States, belongs to the republic of Honduras and not to the settlement of Belize; and secondly, in making the protectorate of the Mosquito Indians the cover for exercising territorial jurisdiction and for interfering with the independent and neighboring state of Nicaragua.

Mr. Marcy proposes that the Governments of Great Britain and the United States shall settle the interpretation of the treaty and their reciprocal obligations between themselves; but he proposes to refer certain questions of fact to competent authorities. The rightful limits between the establishment of Belize and the State of Honduras, the extent of territory accurately designated by the term of "Mosquito coast," are points which Mr. Marcy would refer. The text of his despatch might also be taken to imply that the referees might consider the extent of territorial or occupatory rights existing in the Mosquito Indians; and he distinctly propounds the question whether the Bay Islands do or do not belong to the colony of Honduras. These are questions of political geography. He does not think it expedient for either party in the dispute to invite a judgment upon the whole question from any Powers of Europe, though that judgment would doubtless be impartial. He thinks it better that one or more men of science should be invited to decide the questions of fact in political geography — to clear up, in short, the doubts which exist as to these questions of fact. Although, therefore, the American Government does not propose a reference of the entire question, the plan would appear calculated to remove the material difficulties of a settlement. In other words, they propose to submit the questions of fact to the intellect and science of Europe, and questions of disputed authority to the spirit of fairness between the two Governments. Although partial, it appears that such a reference might be quite sufficient. If, for example, the referees should decide whether or not the island of Ruatan belongs to the dependent state of Honduras — whether their reply was in the negative and against the American view of the subject, or in the affirmative and

against the English view of the subject, the interpretation of the word "occupy" in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty would disappear. Again, the English maintain a right to back the Mosquito Indians even at St. Juan de Nicaragua — the Americans insisting that the Mosquito Indians have no right to be at St. Juan de Nicaragua at all: if the referees were to decide that, on grounds of political geography, the Mosquito Indians have a right to come down South so far as St. Juan, or on the other hand that they have no right to be in that town at all, the dispute between the two Governments which turns upon that point would surcease — "*cadit questio*."

From The Press, 21 June.

THE VICTIM.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE. *Present*, Lords PALMERSTON and CLARENDON. *To them enter* Mr. CRAMPTON.

Lord Palmerston. — Ah! Mr. Crampton, how do you do? Welcome to England. The tongue of report hath been heard in your favor, as the Freemasons say.

Mr. Crampton. — Your Lordship is very kind. I hope Lord Clarendon is quite well?

Lord Clarendon. — Thank you, no great things; but what can you expect in this d—d climate, that changes five times a day?

Lord P. — Like to go out instead of Mr. Crampton, Clarendon? There's a chance for you! I dare say he is willing to take your place here. You don't snap at the proposal. Well, we must get you back to Spain one of these days.

Lord C. — I'll come and stay with you at that mansion by the Guadalquivir, where the Spanish paper says you are going to end your career, twangling the guitar. Unless you'd rather see me at any other of your *chateaux en Espagne* — you have had several?

Lord P. — Quite smart this morning; it must be a pleasure to Mr. Crampton to hear such smartness. Well, Mr. Crampton, and how did you leave Jonathan?

Mr. C. — I calculate you are a nice lot, you Cabinet of Britishers, you are.

Lord P. (laughing). — Very good, very good — quite the nasal twang. You must sing "*Bobbing Around*" to us, by and bye. And Mr. Marcy, does he send me no affectionate message?

Mr. C. — I'll tell you what, my dear Lord. I have studied the American character with considerable assiduity and attention, and I have formed a deliberate opinion upon it, which is final and conclusive.

Lord P. — And what's that?

Mr. C. — That they are rum customers.

Lord P. — Well, that's something to know. But I say, Mr. Crampton — no

thanks to somebody, who shall be nameless, that they are at this present speaking our customers at all.

Mr. C. — No, by Jove! You nearly led me into a mess.

Lord P. — On the whole, do you know, I think you may be said to have found your way there with devilish little leading.

Lord C. — I think — without wishing to add to your present annoyance — that I may hint that the practice of not reading despatches from your chiefs is calculated to produce mistakes.

Lord P. — Sincerity and straightforward dealing should characterize the English diplomatist all over the world.

Lord C. — And he should be almost over-scrupulous in consulting the views of his employers, considering the magnitude of the interests committed to his charge.

Lord P. — On the one hand the most gentlemanly frankness —

Lord C. — On the other the most statesmanlike caution —

Lord P. — Scorning to suspect —

Lord C. — While above suspicion —

Lord P. — Such is the character of the true ambassador.

Mr. C. — Which fully accounts for the milk in the cocoanut. I say, my Lords, I have been away from England for some time, and am not quite *au fait* at this new style of chaff.

Lord P. — Chaff, Mr. Crampton, is a word which may have its meaning in America; but here, I am unaware that it has other than an agricultural significance, the connection of which with a grave subject I am at a loss to perceive.

Lord C. — I regret to find that the very important nature of the events with which Mr. Crampton has been connected have failed to impress him with a due sense of their gravity.

Mr. C. — A joke's all very well, but even by friends it should not be pushed too far.

Lord P. — I never joke. And I may venture to assure you, Mr. Crampton, that before this subject is done with it will be about the last place in which you will think of looking for anything of a jocular kind.

Mr. C. — But I tell you I don't like this tone.

Lord C. — Earnestness may be repugnant to your habits, but —

Mr. C. — Do you mean to tell me that you are in earnest?

Lord P. — Most assuredly so, sir.

Mr. C. — If I thought you were, I would say something.

Lord P. — Pray act upon an hypothesis which is more than justified.

Mr. C. — Then I would say — no, con-found it, this is all nonsense.

Lord C. — We had better adjourn the matter until Mr. Crampton's facetiousness shall have been softened down. When he hears what people say about him, he will be less inclined to smile.

Mr. C. — About me! Mind what I am going to say. You mean, about us.

Lord P. — Oblige me with equal attention to my reply. I don't.

Mr. C. — Then I am to be thrown over?

Lord P. — Diplomatic habits sharpen the perceptions. I make you my compliments.

Lord C. — Allow me to observe that you look, now, as grave as befits the subject.

Mr. C. — To be thrown over!

Lord P. — Surely, that does not surprise you?

Mr. C. — It ought not.

Lord C. — Ah! don't be rude. One can make allowance for excitement, but personality is so objectionable.

Lord P. — But, my dear Mr. Crampton, it appears to me that you continue your habit of not reading papers. Has not the press, I mean our part of it, conveyed to you a clear idea of our opinion as to your conduct?

Mr. C. — No, my Lord. I have read articles which told me what kind of defence you might make for yourselves, but I refused to believe that I was to be your scapegoat.

Lord P. — Did you? Ah! Want of faith is one of the most unamiable characteristics of this age. Cultivate faith, my dear Mr. Crampton, and the present is a capital occasion to begin. Good morning, Mr. Crampton. *(Bows him out.)*